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LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1839.

REVIEWS

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Edited by Mrs. Shelley. Moxon.
Essays, Letters from Abroad, Translations, and Fragments. By Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Mrs. Shelley. Moxon.

We have here, in one handsome volume, dedicated to his son, the entire poetical works of Shelley, with a preface from the pen of his wife, and such slight running commentaries as link them together in the order of their publication, and explain the circumstances under which each was composed. Something more than this, it would appear, the Editor had originally designed. The notes, she says, "are not what I intended them to be. I began with energy and a burning desire to impart to the world, in worthy language, the sense I have of the virtues and genius of the Beloved and the Lost: my strength has failed under the task. Recurrence to the past—full of its own deep and unforgotten joys and sorrows—contrasted with succeeding years of painful and solitary struggle, has shaken my health. Days of great suffering have followed my attempts to write; and these, again, produced a weakness and languor that spread their sinister influence over these notes. I dislike speaking of myself; but cannot help apologising to the dead, and to the public, for not having executed in the manner I desired the history I engaged to give of Shelley's writings." The volume, however, contains, in an unmutated form (by the addition of some poems and fragments which have not heretofore appeared in print, and the restoration of certain passages which the Editor had taken upon herself to omit, in the edition in four volumes published some months ago), all that Shelley left behind him. Our readers will remember that, on that occasion (*ante*, p. 313), we entered our protest against the system of editing, which, professing to give a perfect edition of an author's works, suppresses certain, and those the most characteristic, portions, at the Editor's caprice, or in submission to the caprice of others; and whether in deference to that opinion of ours, or because further reflection has made it the Editor's own, the defect is here remedied, and the absent links in the chain which binds together the phenomena of the poet's mind have been restored. If it be (as it is) true, that with any author having claims to originality, and dealing with the abstract and ideal, his works and their succession form the true history of his mind and its progress, this is more especially the case with Shelley than (with perhaps one single exception) any other writer of the age; and any valid reasons why certain portions of the evidence should be for a time postponed, are substantial reasons why the history should be left unwritten till we can have the whole of the documents before us. This is now Mrs. Shelley's view of the case. "I cannot bring myself," she says, "to keep back anything he ever wrote, for each word is fraught with the peculiar views and sentiments which he believed to be beneficial to the human race; and the bright light of poetry irradiates every thought. The world has a right to the entire compositions of such a man."
"No omissions have been made in this edition."—"At my request, the publisher has restored the omitted passages, and I do not foresee that I can hereafter add to, or take away, a word or a line." If, then, we have any fault now to find, it is, that what she has done fully, she has not done boldly. The readers of Shelley are, necessarily, of that class to whom anything that may have been faulty in his doctrines, or his manner of enforcing them, are

likely to do little harm, and who will not be content with any other estimate of these things than their own. There is still, on the Editor's part, an evident reluctance in producing certain portions of these written documents—an attempt to soften, and temporize, and explain away, wholly at variance with the frank and uncompromising spirit of her husband, and contradicted by the documents themselves. The latter being given, however, this circumstance is of little consequence to the reader,—but a fault in the Editor—as placing her less completely in harmony with her author than an editor ought to be.

With the exception of two poems of some length, entitled, 'Swellfoot the Tyrant,' and 'Peter Bell the Third,' the additions to the present volumes are few and fragmentary. From the hesitating and apologetic manner in which these two poems are laid before the public, we cannot but suspect that our remonstrance may have had some influence on their production. 'Swellfoot the Tyrant' has already signalized the preventive activity of the "Society for the Suppression of Vice,"—though its offence being purely a political one, and its form and spirit utterly unintelligible to the multitude, it is difficult to know what a society with such a title could have to do with it. It is a mere satire, in the form of a Greek drama, having a chorus of pigs, and suggested by the famous *Green Bag*, which was laid on the table of the House of Commons, and contained the evidence against Queen Caroline. Time has taken all the sting out of it, and the Editor might have laid it before posterity as an amusing squib, without either misgiving or explanation. 'Peter Bell the Third' is dedicated to Thomas Brown the Younger, and is, as its name might suggest, (and in spite of Mrs. Shelley,) a satire on Wordsworth, as well as his poem of similar name. Mrs. Shelley truly says, that, she "need scarcely observe that nothing personal to the author of 'Peter Bell' is intended in this poem,"—because the poem is there, at once, and very emphatically, to contradict her. The points of the poem are all personal,—as our readers shall see by an example or two;—a fact by no means incompatible with another assertion of Mrs. Shelley's—that her husband admired and perpetually read the poetry of Wordsworth. So, also, we have no doubt, did Wordsworth read the poetry of Shelley, and that he very heartily forgives the poet this squib. Why should Mrs. Shelley, by a needless anxiety to disavow personality, involve herself in a web of sophistry and contradiction, like the following?

"This poem is, like all others written by Shelley, ideal. He conceived the idealism of a poet—a man of lofty and creative genius,—quitting the glorious calling of discovering and announcing the beautiful and good, to support and propagate ignorant prejudices and pernicious errors; imparting to the unlightened, not that ardour for truth and spirit of toleration which Shelley looked on as the sources of the moral improvement and happiness of mankind; but false and injurious opinions, that evil was good, and that ignorance and force were the best allies of purity and virtue. His idea was that a man gifted even as transcendently as the Author of Peter Bell, with the highest qualities of genius, must, if he fostered such errors, be infected with dulness. This poem was written, as a warning—not as a narration of the reality. He was unacquainted personally with Wordsworth or with Coleridge, (to whom he alludes in the fifth part of the poem,) and therefore, I repeat, his poem is purely ideal—it contains something of criticism on the compositions of these great poets, but nothing injurious to the men themselves. No poem contains more of Shelley's peculiar views, with regard to the errors into which many of the wisest have fallen, and of the pernicious effects of certain opinions on society. Much of it is beautifully written—and though, like the burlesque drama of

Swellfoot, it must be looked on as a plaything, it has so much merit and poetry—so much of *himself* in it, that it cannot fail to interest greatly, and by right belongs to the world for whose instruction and benefit it was written."

The poem, however, speaks plainly enough for itself, and may relieve Mrs. Shelley from a mystification. We will give two extracts—the first representing Peter while yet in the service of the Devil; and the second in a state of grace—by purchase,—for such is the moral of the satire, written (like so many of Shelley's) on those hasty impulses which he did not live long enough to correct, and which the poet of Rydal has lived long enough to defy. Well and touchingly has Mrs. Shelley observed of her noble and sensitive husband:—

"He had but one defect—which was leaving his life incomplete by an early death. O, that the serener views of maturity, the happier contentment of mid-life, had descended on his dear head, to calm the turbulence of youthful impetuosity—that he had lived to see his country advance towards freedom, and to enrich the world with his own virtues and genius in their completion of experience and power! When I think that such things might have been, and of my own share in such good and happiness; the pang occasioned by his loss can never pass away—and I gain resignation only by believing that he was spared much suffering, and that he has passed into a sphere of being, better adapted to his inexpressible tenderness, his generous sympathies, and his richly gifted mind. That, free from the physical pain to which he was a martyr, and unshackled by the fleshy bars and imperfect senses which hedged him in on earth, he enjoys beauty, and good, and love there, where those to whom he was united on earth by various ties of affection, sympathy, and admiration, may hope to join him."

But, to our extracts:—

All things that Peter saw and felt
Had a peculiar aspect to him;
And when they came within the belt
Of his own nature seemed to melt,
Like cloud to cloud, into him.
And so the outward world uniting
To that within him, he became
Considerably ununiting
To those, who meditation slighting,
Were moulded in a different frame.
And he scorned them, and they scorned him;
And he scorned all they did; and they
Did all that men of their own trim
Are wont to do to please their whims,
Drinking, lying, swearing, play.
Such were his fellow-servants; thus
His virtue, like our own, was built
Too much on that indignant fuss
Hypocrite Pride stirs up in us
To bully out another's guilt.
He had a mind which was somehow
At once circumference and centre
Of all he might or feel or know;
Nothing went ever out, although
Something did ever enter.
He had as much imagination
As a pint-pot;—he never could
Fancy another situation,
From which to dart his contemplation,
Than that wherein he stood.
Yet his was individual mind,
And new created all he saw
In a new manner, and refined
Those new creations, and combined
Them, by a master-spirit's law.
Thus—though unimaginative—
An apprehension clear, intense,
Of his mind's work, had made alive
The things it wrought on; I believe
Wakening a sort of thought in sense.

Then we have Peter in the land of drowsi-
hood:—

When Peter heard of his promotion
His eyes grew like two stars for bliss:
There was a bow of sleek devotion,
Engendering in his back, each motion
Seemed a Lord's shoe to kiss.
He hired a house, bought plate, and made
A genteel drive up to his door,
With sifted gravel neatly laid,—
As if defying all who said,
Peter was ever poor.
But a disease soon struck into
The very life and soul of Peter—
He walked about—slept—had the hue
Of health upon his cheeks—and few
Dug better—none a heartier eater.

And yet a strange and horrid curse
Clung upon Peter, night and day,
Month after month the thing grew worse,
And deadlier than in this my verse
I can find strength to say.

Peter was dull—he was at first
Dull—O, so dull—so very dull!
Whether he talked, wrote, or rehearsed—
Still with this dullness was he cursed—
Dull—beyond all conception—dull.

No one could read his books—no mortal,
But a few natural friends, would hear him;
The parson came not near his portal;
His state was like that of the immortal
Described by Swift—no man could bear him.

His sister, wife, and children yawned,
With a long, slow, and drear ennui,
All human patience far beyond;
Their hopes of Heaven each would have pawned,
Anywhere else to be.

But in his verse, and in his prose,
The essence of his dullness was
Concentrated and compressed so close,
'Twould have made Guinevra doze
On his red gridiron of brass.

A printer's boy, folding those pages,
Fell slumberously upon one side;
Like those famed seven who slept three ages,
To wakeful frenzy's vigil rages.

As opiates, were the same applied.
Even the Reviewers who were hired
To do the work of his reviewing,
With adamant nerves, grew tired;—
Gaping and torpid they retired.
To dream of what they should be doing.

And worse and worse, the drowsy curse
Yawned in him, till it grew a pest—
A wide contagious atmosphere,
Creeping like cold through all things near;
A power to infect and to infect.

His servant-maids and dogs grew dull;
His kitten, late a sportive elf,
The woods and lakes, so beautiful,
Of dim stupidity were full,
All grew dull as Peter's self.

The earth under his feet—the springs,
Which lived within it a quick life,
The air, the winds of many wings,
That fan it with new murmurings,
Were dead to their harmonious strife.

The birds and beasts within the wood,
The insects, late each creeping thing,
Were now a silent multitude;
Love's work was left unwrought—no brood
Near Peter's house took wing.

And every neighbouring cottager
Stupidly yawned upon the other:
No jack-ass brayed; no little cur
Cocked up his ears—no man would stir
To save a dying mother.

Yet all from that charmed district went
But some half-idiot and half-knave,
Who rather than pay any rent,
Would live with marvellous content,
Over his father's grave.

No bailiff dared within that space,
For fear of the dull charm to enter;
A man would bear upon his face,
For fifteen months in any case,
The yawn of such a venture.

Seven miles above—below—around—
This pest of dullness holds its sway;
A ghastly life without a sound;
To Peter's soul the spell is bound—
How should it ever pass away?

Of the mere fragments of song gleaned for this last edition from the already-gathered field—snatches of melody, like the one sweet note which the sigh of a summer's day draws from the string of a wind-harp as it touches it but for an instant with its wing,—or passionate murmurs born of the morbid condition of his mind—the following may serve as specimens. The first obviously contains the germ of the exquisite lyric given to Asia, which closes the second act of the 'Prometheus.'

My spirit, like a charmed bark, doth swim
Upon the liquid waves of thy sweet singing,
Far away into the regions dim
Of rapture—as a boat with swift sails winging
Its way adown some many-winding river.

My thoughts arise and fade in solitude,
The verse that would invest them melts away
Like moonlight in the heaven of spreading day:
How beautiful they were!—how firm they stood,
Fleeting the starry sky like woven pearl!

Music he calls—

The silver key of the fountain of tears,
Where the spirit drinks till the brain is wild;
Softest grave of a thousand fears,
Where their mother, Care, like a drowsy child,
Is laid asleep in flowers.

And the following is a fragment of a song, written, Mrs. Shelley supposes, early,—but to which she is unable to affix the date:—

To —

Yet look on me—take not thine eyes away,
Which feed upon the love within mine own,
Which is indeed but the reflected ray
Of thine own beauty from my spirit thrown.

Yet speak to me—thy voice is as the tone
Of my heart's echo, and I think I hear
That thou yet lovest me; yet thou alone
Like one before a mirror without care

Of aught but thine own features, imaged there;
And yet I wear out life in watching thee;
A toil so sweet at times, and thou indeed
Art kind when I am sick, and pity me.

The volumes whose title stands second at the head of the article are divided into two distinct parts;—the first containing such prose works as Shelley has left behind him, in a finished or imperfect state, (necessary to complete the estimate of his mind, and as affording glimpses of the direction in which it was looking when suddenly extinguished,) and a series of letters written by him, principally from Italy, helping to throw light on the circumstances under which many of his poems were composed, and in some measure supplying what Mrs. Shelley in her preface to the poetical volume laments that she has left imperfect. For this reason, and because Shelley is best illustrated by himself, we think that they might have been advantageously woven in among the poems themselves, so as with the poetical text and a very slight connecting commentary, to have furnished at one view a complete and intelligible history of the author's mind, as modified by his circumstances and exhibited in its results,—rather than standing as a separate publication of imperfect materials that need illustration themselves. In their isolated state they are not only less explanatory, but also less characteristic, than the lovers of Shelley might, with reason, expect. As, however, they exhibit familiar objects under new and beautiful lights, and much of the poetry of the author's mind, (though little of that portion of it which consists in its originality,) we will postpone considering the more formal prose productions, and on the present occasion furnish our readers with some pleasant extracts from the letters.

Though the publication is altogether welcome, as completing all the materials which the poet has left behind him for the judgment of posterity, the 'History of a Six Weeks Tour, through a part of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Holland,' which Shelley made in 1814, in company with his wife and friend, might well have been omitted altogether, as being of the very slightest texture, telling nothing of any interest whatever, and not written by the poet,—but by the present Editor. In 1816, Shelley, whose state of health had presented some alarming symptoms, again visited Switzerland, and rented a house on the banks of the Lake of Geneva; where "many a day," says the Editor, "in cloud or sunshine was passed alone in his boat—sailing as the wind listed, or weltering on the calm waters. The majestic aspect of nature ministered such thoughts as he, afterwards, enwove in verse." Clarens, and Vevai, and Meillerie, and Chillon, and Chamouni, have been again and again described; but, touched by the spirit of poetry, look ever new. The following is Shelley's description of the glaciers of Boisson:—

"In the evening, I went with Ducrée, my guide, the only tolerable person I have seen in this country, to visit the glacier of Boisson. This glacier, like that of Montanpert, comes close to the vale, overhanging the green meadows and the dark woods with the dazzling whiteness of its precipices and pinnacles, which are like spires of radiant crystal, covered with a net-work of frosted silver. These glaciers flow perpetually into the valley, ravaging in their slow but irresistible progress the pastures and the forests which surround them, performing a work of desola-

tion in ages, which a river of lava might accomplish in an hour, but far more irretrievably; for where the ice has once descended, the hardest plant refuses to grow; if even, as in some extraordinary instances, it should recede after its progress has once commenced, The glaciers perpetually move onward, at the rate of a foot each day, with a motion that commences at the spot where, on the boundaries of perpetual congelation, they are produced by the freezing of the waters which arise from the partial melting of the eternal snows. They drag with them from the regions whence they derive their origin, all the ruins of the mountain, enormous rocks, and immense accumulations of sand and stones. These are driven onwards by the irresistible stream of solid ice; and when they arrive at a declivity of the mountain, sufficiently rapid, roll down, scattering ruin. I saw one of these rocks which had descended in the spring, (winter here is the season of silence and safety,) which measured forty feet in every direction. The verge of a glacier, like that of Boisson, presents the most vivid image of desolation that it is possible to conceive. No one dares to approach it; for the enormous pinnacles of ice which perpetually fall are perpetually reproduced. The pines of the forest, which bound it at one extremity, are overthrown and shattered to a wide extent at its base. There is something inexpressibly dreadful in the aspect of the few branchless trunks, which, nearest to the ice rifts, still stand in the uprooted soil. The meadows perish, overwhelmed with sand and stones. Within this last year, these glaciers have advanced three hundred feet into the valley. Saussure, the naturalist, says, that they have their periods of increase and decay: the people of the country hold an opinion entirely different; but as I judge, more probable. It is agreed by all, that the snow on the summit of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring mountains perpetually augments, and that ice, in the form of glaciers, subsists without melting in the valley of Chamouni during its transient and variable summer. If the snow which produces this glacier must augment, and the heat of the valley is no obstacle to the perpetual existence of such masses of ice as have already descended into it, the consequence is obvious; the glaciers must augment and will subside, at least until they have overflowed this vale. I will not pursue Buffon's sublime but gloomy theory—that this globe which we inhabit will, at some future period, be changed into a mass of frost by the encroachments of the polar ice, and of that produced on the most elevated points of the earth. Do you, who assert the supremacy of Ahirman, imagine him thronged among these desolating snows, among these palaces of death and frost, so sculptured in this their terrible magnificence by the adamant hand of necessity, and that he casts around him, as the first essays of his final usurpation, avalanches, torrents, rocks, and thunders, and above all these deadly glaciers, at once the proof and symbols of his reign?—add to this, the degradation of the human species—who, in these regions, are half deformed or idiotic, and most of whom are deprived of anything that can excite interest or admiration. This is part of the subject more mournful and less sublime; but such as neither the poet nor the philosopher should disdain to regard."

A journal, which Shelley kept at this time, presents us the records of some conversations between himself and Monk Lewis, and several anecdotes which are, as Shelley says, "all grim."

In 1818, Shelley quitted England a third time,—never to return. His principal motive was the hope that his health might be benefited by a milder climate; and, avoiding all intermediate resting places, he went direct into Italy. Here all things were in unison with his spirit; under the happy influence of objects that ministered perpetually to his imagination, his mind gradually grew up to its great stature, and the noblest of his works were composed. Though his correspondents are few, his letters from this country are continuous, till they meet with that abrupt termination on the coasts of the Bay of Spezia, which is so fearfully significant, in connexion with the closing event of his mortal history. With such extracts from these as our

space will permit, we must bring our article to a close.

Last week we presented our readers with a description of the Cathedral of Cologne; as a companion picture, they may take the following brief notice of the equally famous one of Milan:—

"This cathedral is a most astonishing work of art. It is built of white marble, and cut into pinnacles of immense height, and the utmost delicacy of workmanship, and loaded with sculpture. The effect of it, piercing the solid blue with those groups of dazzling spires, relieved by the serene depth of this Italian heaven, or by moonlight when the stars seem gathered among those clustered shapes, is beyond anything I had imagined architecture capable of producing. The interior, though very sublime, is of a more earthly character, and with its stained glass and massy granite columns overloaded with antique figures, and the silver lamps, that burn for ever under the canopy of black cloth beside the brazen altar and the marble fretwork of the dome, give it the aspect of some gorgeous sepulchre. There is one solitary spot among those aisles, behind the altar, where the light of day is dim and yellow under the storied window, which I have chosen to visit, and read Dante there."

At Ferrara he is occupied with the relics of Tasso:—

"There is here a manuscript of the entire *Gerusalemme Liberata*, written by Tasso's own hand; a manuscript of some poems, written in prison, to the Duke Alfonso; and the satires of Ariosto, written also by his own hand; and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. The *Gerusalemme*, though it had evidently been copied and recopied, is interlined, particularly towards the end, with numerous corrections. The hand-writing of Ariosto is a small, firm, and pointed character, expressing, as I should say, a strong and keen, but circumscribed energy of mind; that of Tasso is large, free, and flowing, except that there is a checked expression in the midst of its flow, which brings the letters into a smaller compass than one expected from the beginning of the work. It is the symbol of an intense and earnest mind, exceeding at times its own depth, and admonished to return by the chillness of the waters of oblivion striking upon its adventurous feet. You know I always seek in what I see the manifestation of something beyond the present and tangible object; and as we do not agree in physiognomy, so we may not agree now. But my business is to relate my own sensations, and not to attempt to inspire others with them. Some of the MSS. of Tasso were sonnets to his persecutor, which contain a great deal of what is called flattery. If Alfonso's ghost were asked how he felt those praises now, I wonder what he would say. But to me there is much more to pity than to condemn in these entreaties and praises of Tasso. It is as a bigot prays to and praises his god, whom he knows to be the most remorseless, capricious, and inflexible of tyrants, but whom he knows also to be omnipotent. Tasso's situation was widely different from that of any persecuted being of the present day; for, from the depth of dungeons, public opinion might now at length be awakened to an echo that would startle the oppressor. But then there was no hope. There is something irresistibly pathetic to me in the sight of Tasso's own handwriting, moulding expressions of adulation and entreaty to a deaf and stupid tyrant, in an age when the most heroic virtue would have exposed its possessor to hopeless persecution, and—such is the alliance between virtue and genius—which unoffending genius could not escape. We went afterwards to see his prison in the hospital of Sant' Anna, and I enclose you a piece of the wood of the very door, which for seven years and three months divided this glorious being from the air and the light which had nourished in him those influences which he has communicated, through his poetry, to thousands. The dungeon is low and dark, and, when I say that it is really a very decent dungeon, I speak as one who has seen the prisons in the doge's palace of Venice. But it is a horrible abode for the coarsest and meanest thing that ever wore the shape of man, much more for one of delicate susceptibilities and elevated fancies. It is low, and has a grated window, and being sunk some feet below the level of the earth, is full of unwholesome damps. In the darkest corner is a mark

in the wall where the chains were rivetted, which bound him hand and foot. After some time, at the instance of some Cardinal, his friend, the Duke allowed his victim a fire-place; the mark where it was walled up yet remains."

At Bologna, he hangs over Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia:—

"We saw besides one picture of Raphael—St. Cecilia: this is in another and higher style; you forget that it is a picture as you look at it; and yet it is most unlike any of those things which we call reality. It is of the inspired and ideal kind, and seems to have been conceived and executed in a similar state of feeling to that which produced among the ancients those perfect specimens of poetry and sculpture which are the baffling models of succeeding generations. There is a unity and a perfection in it of an incommunicable kind. The central figure, St. Cecilia, seems rapt in such inspiration as produced her image in the painter's mind; her deep, dark, eloquent eyes lifted up; her chesnut hair flung back from her forehead—she holds an organ in her hands—her countenance, as it were, calmed by the depth of its passion and rapture, and penetrated throughout with the warm and radiant light of life. She is listening to the music of heaven, and, as I imagine, has just ceased to sing, for the four figures that surround her evidently point, by their attitudes, towards her; particularly St. John, who, with a tender yet impassioned gesture, bends his countenance towards her, languid with the depth of his emotion. At her feet lie various instruments of music, broken and unstrung. Of the colouring I do not speak: it eclipses nature, yet it has all her truth and softness."

At Rome, he is in sympathy with everything. The cataract of the Velino has once already been described in words, which might well be supposed to render all others on the subject tame and prosaic. Yet the following may be read, without letting down the imagination which the verse of Byron has lifted into sublime companionship with the elements:—

"From Spoleto we went to Terni, and saw the cataract of the Velino. The glaciers of Montanvert and the source of the Arveiron is the grandest spectacle I ever saw. This is the second. Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with a vast volume of waters, the outlet of a great lake among the higher mountains, falling 300 feet into a sightless gulf of snow-white vapour, which bursts up for ever and for ever from a circle of black crags, and thence leaping downward, make five or six other cataracts, each fifty or a hundred feet high, which exhibit, on a smaller scale, and with beautiful and sublime variety, the same appearances. But words (and far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of cliff, which is directly opposite. You see the ever-moving water stream down. It comes in thick and tawny folds, flaking off like solid snow gliding down a mountain. It does not seem hollow within, but without it is unequal, like the folding of linen thrown carelessly down; your eye follows it, and it is lost below; not in the black rocks which gird it around, but in its own foam and spray, in the cloud-like vapours boiling up from below, which is not like rain, nor mist, nor spray, nor foam, but water, in a shape wholly unlike anything I ever saw before. It is as white as snow, but thick and impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up from the abyss wonderful to hear; for, though it ever sounds, it is never the same, but modulated by the changing motion, rises and falls intermittingly; we passed half an hour in one spot looking at it, and thought but a few minutes had gone by. The surrounding scenery is, in its kind, the loveliest and most sublime that can be conceived. In our first walk we passed through some olive groves, of large and ancient trees, whose hoary and twisted trunks leaned in all directions. We then crossed a path of orange trees by the river side, laden with their golden fruit, and came to a forest of ilex of a large size, whose evergreen and acorn-bearing boughs were intertwined over our winding path. Around, hemming in the narrow vale, were pinnacles of lofty mountains of pyramidal rock clothed with all evergreen plants and trees; the vast pine whose feathery foliage trembled in the blue air—the ilex, that ancestral inhabitant of these moun-

tains—the arbutus, with its crimson-coloured fruit and glittering leaves. After an hour's walk, we came beneath the cataract of Terni, within the distance of half a mile: nearer you cannot approach, for the Nar, which has here its confluence with the Velino, bars the passage. We then crossed the river formed by this confluence, over a narrow natural bridge of rock, and saw the cataract from the platform I first mentioned. We think of spending some time next year near this waterfall. The inn is very bad, or we should have stayed there longer."

The Coliseum and the Forum are described in language which brings their solemn and touching moral to the heart:—

"We visited the Forum and the ruins of the Coliseum every day. The Coliseum is unlike any work of human hands I ever saw before. It is of enormous height and circuit, and the arches built of massy stones, are piled on one another, and jut into the blue air, shattered into the forms of overhanging rocks. It has been changed by time into the image of an amphitheatre of rocky hills overgrown by the wild olive, the myrtle, and the fig-tree, and threaded by little paths, which wind among its ruined stairs and, immeasurable galleries: the copewood over-shadows you as you wander through its labyrinths, and the wild weeds of this climate of flowers bloom under your feet. The arena is covered with grass, and pierces, like the skirts of a natural plain, the chasms of the broken arches around. But a small part of the exterior circumference remains—it is exquisitely light and beautiful; and the effect of the perfection of its architecture, adorned with ranges of Corinthian pilasters, supporting a bold cornice, is such, as to diminish the effect of its greatness. The interior is all ruin. I can scarcely believe that when encrusted with Dorian marble, and ornamented by columns of Egyptian granite, its effect could have been so sublime and so impressive as in its present state. It is open to the sky, and it was the clear and sunny weather of the end of November in this climate when we visited it, day after day. Near it is the arch of Constantine, or rather the arch of Trajan; for the servile and avaricious senate of degraded Rome ordered that the monument of his predecessor should be demolished, in order to dedicate one to the Christian reptile, who had crept among the blood of his murdered family to the supreme power. It is exquisitely beautiful and perfect. The Forum is a plain in the midst of Rome, a kind of desert, full of heaps of stones and pits, and though so near the habitations of men, is the most desolate place you can conceive. The ruins of temples stand in and around it, shattered columns and ranges of others complete, supporting cornices of exquisite workmanship, and vast vaults of shattered domes distinct with regular compartments, once filled with sculptures of ivory or brass. The temples of Jupiter, and Concord, and Peace, and the Sun, and the Moon, and Vesta, are all within a short distance of this spot. Behold the wrecks of what a great nation once dedicated to the abstractions of the mind! Rome is a city, as it were, of the dead, or rather of those who cannot die, and who survive the puny generations which inhabit and pass over the spot which they have made sacred to eternity. In Rome, at least in the first enthusiasm of your recognition of ancient time, you see nothing of the Italians. The nature of the city assists the delusion, for its vast and antique walls describe a circumference of sixteen miles, and thus the population is thinly scattered over this space, nearly as great as London. Wide wild fields are enclosed within it, and there are grassy lanes and copses winding among the ruins, and a great green hill, lonely and bare, which overhangs the Tiber. The gardens of the modern palaces are like wild woods of cedar, and cypress, and pine, and the neglected walks are overgrown with weeds. The English burying-place is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld. To see the sun shining on its bright grass, fresh, when we first visited it, with the autumnal dews, and hear the whispering of the wind among the leaves of the trees which have overgrown the tomb of Cestius, and the soil which is stirring in the sun-warm earth, and to mark the tombs, mostly of women and young people who were buried there, one might, if one were to die, desire the sleep they

seem to sleep. Such is the human mind, and so it peoples with its wishes vacancy and oblivion."

Of the modern city, he thus speaks—his estimate of St. Peter's at all events differs from that of travellers in general:—

"What shall I say of the modern city? Rome is yet the capital of the world. It is a city of palaces and temples, more glorious than those which any other city contains, and of ruins more glorious than they. Seen from any of the eminences that surround it, it exhibits domes beyond domes, and palaces, and colonnades interminably, even to the horizon; interspersed with patches of desert, and mighty ruins which stand girt by their own desolation, in the midst of the fanes of living religions and the habitations of living men, in sublime loneliness. St. Peter's is, as you have heard, the loftiest building in Europe. Externally it is inferior in architectural beauty to St. Paul's, though not wholly devoid of it; internally it exhibits littleness on a large scale, and is in every respect opposed to antique taste. You know my propensity to admire; and I tried to persuade myself out of this opinion—in vain; the more I see of the interior of St. Peter's, the less impression as a whole does it produce on me. I cannot even think it lofty, though its dome is considerably higher than any hill within fifty miles of London; and when one reflects, it is an astonishing monument of the daring energy of man. Its colonnade is wonderfully fine, and there are two fountains, which rise in spire-like columns of water to an immense height in the sky, and falling on the porphyry vases from which they spring, fill the whole air with a radiant mist, which at noon is thronged with innumerable rainbows. In the midst stands an obelisk. In front is the palace-like façade of St. Peter's, certainly magnificent; and there is produced, on the whole, an architectural combination unequalled in the world. But the dome of the temple is concealed, except at a very great distance, by the façade and the inferior part of the building, and that diabolical contrivance they call an attic. The effect of the Pantheon is totally the reverse of that of St. Peter's. Though not a fourth part of the size, it is, as it were, the visible image of the universe; in the perfection of its proportions, as when you regard the unmeasured dome of heaven, the idea of magnitude is swallowed up and lost. It is open to the sky, and its wide dome is lighted by the ever-changing illumination of the air. The clouds of noon fly over it, and at night the keen stars are seen through the azure darkness, hanging immovably, or driving after the driving moon among the clouds. We visited it by moonlight; it is supported by sixteen columns, fluted and Corinthian, of a certain rare and beautiful yellow marble, exquisitely polished, called here *giallo antico*. Above these are the niches for the statues of the twelve gods. This is the only defect of this sublime temple; there ought to have been no interval between the commencement of the dome and the cornice, supported by the columns. Thus there would have been no diversion from the magnificent simplicity of its form. This improvement is alone wanting to have completed the unity of the idea."

At Naples, of course, he writes concerning Vesuvius.

"Vesuvius is, after the glaciers, the most impressive exhibition of the energies of nature I ever saw. It has not the immeasurable greatness, the overpowering magnificence, nor, above all, the radiant beauty of the glaciers; but it has all their character of tremendous and irresistible strength. From Resina to the hermitage you wind up the mountain, and cross a vast stream of hardened lava, which is an actual image of the waves of the sea, changed into hard black stone by enchantment. The lines of the boiling flood seem to hang in the air, and it is difficult to believe that the billows which seem hurrying down upon you are not actually in motion. This plain was once a sea of liquid fire. From the hermitage we crossed another vast stream of lava, and then went on foot up the cone—this is the only part of the ascent in which there is any difficulty, and that difficulty has been much exaggerated. It is composed of rocks of lava, and declivities of ashes; by ascending the former, and descending the latter, there is very little fatigue. On the summit is a kind of irregular plain, the most horrible chaos that can

be imagined; riven into ghastly chasms, and heaped up with tumuli of great stones and cinders, and enormous rocks blackened and calcined, which had been thrown from the volcano upon one another in terrible confusion. In the midst stands the conical hill from which volumes of smoke, and the fountains of liquid fire, are rolled forth for ever. The mountain is at present in a slight state of eruption; and a thick heavy white smoke is perpetually rolled out, interrupted by enormous columns of an impenetrable black bituminous vapour, which is hurled up, fold after fold, into the sky with a deep hollow sound, and fiery stones are rained down from its darkness, and a black shower of ashes fell even where we sat. The lava, like the glacier, creeps on perpetually, with a crackling sound, as of suppressed fire. There are several springs of lava; and in one place it gushes precipitously over a high crag, rolling down the half-molten rocks and its own overhanging waves: a cataract of quivering fire. We approached the extremity of one of the rivers of lava; it is about twenty feet in breadth, and ten in height; and as the inclined plane was not rapid, its motion was very slow. We saw the masses of its dark exterior surface detach themselves as it moved, and betray the depth of the liquid flame. In the day the fire is but slightly seen; you only observe a tremulous motion in the air, and streams and fountains of white sulphurous smoke.

"At length we saw the sun sink between Caprea and Inarime, and, as the darkness increased, the effect of the fire became more beautiful. We were, as it were, surrounded by streams and cataracts of the red and radiant fire; and in the midst, from the column of bituminous smoke shot up into the air, fell the vast masses of rock, white with the light of their intense heat, leaving behind them through the dark vapour trains of splendour. We descended by torch-light, and I should have enjoyed the scenery on my return, but they conducted me, I know not how, to the hermitage in a state of intense bodily suffering, the worst effect of which was spoiling the pleasure of Mary and C—. Our guides on the occasion were complete savages. You have no idea of the horrible cries which they suddenly utter, no one knows why, the clamour, the vociferation, the tumult. C— in her palanquin suffered most from it; and when I had gone on before, they threatened to leave her in the middle of the road, which they would have done, had not my Italian servant promised them a beating, after which they became quiet. Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than the gestures and the physiognomies of these savage people. And when, in the darkness of night, they unexpectedly begin to sing in chorus some fragments of their wild but sweet national music, the effect is exceedingly fine."

We are unable here to extract an interesting letter addressed to Shelley, containing some particulars of the death of John Keats, or the passages from his own letters, which give us glimpses of Lord Byron's manner of life. In concluding our present notice, we may observe, that, if there was much to lament in the circumstances which made two such remarkable men as Byron and Shelley exiles from the country to whose literary illustration they so largely contributed, it is scarcely to be doubted, from the forms which the genius of each assumed, that the cause of Poesy was a gainer from their expatriation.

The Governess. By the Countess of Blessington. 2 vols. Longman & Co.

A modern Italian philosopher, Carina, has published an interesting little volume, to prove the existence of a constant analogy, or parallelism, between the laws of the natural creation, and those which govern the moral world. As one of the instances, he traces a disposition in events to recur in series, on different points of the globe, and in different ages,—thereby simulating the re-entrant curves of the planetary system. But perhaps a more striking parallel to the heavenly movements may be found in the tendency of moral causes to form vicious circles, in which a perpetual effect is produced by the action and

re-action of combined forces, which forces, if acting singly and alone, would exhaust themselves, and disappear. In this there is no mystery; it is but the working out of that law, which renders good the parent of good, and evil the author of evil. A striking example of the pernicious efficacy of such a vicious circle occurs in the position and character of domestic instructors—the subject which Lady Blessington has taken for the theme of her novel. The ill-treatment to which this class of persons is too frequently exposed in private families, has lowered their attainments and moral bearing; and the lower character and pretensions of instructors, by an inevitable reaction, has diminished the respect in which they are held by parents, subjecting them to a still more galling ill-treatment. This vice in the social arrangements (which, by the bye, is, in a great degree, peculiar to England,) could not exist, if parents possessed a requisite knowledge of the true value of education, and of the qualities it demands in the instructor. Whatever avarice, pride, and the exclusive spirit of vulgar aristocracy, may have to do with it, ignorance is at the root of the evil: and a parent's ignorance of the essentials of education cannot but facilitate the introduction of a lower class of instructors into the profession; while these produce a generation more ignorant than their sires, to still further deteriorate a future race of teachers.

The ignorance of which we complain is manifold, extending over the whole ground of intellectual culture: but the great, and haply the fundamental mistake, is an utter forgetfulness of the really most important part of education—the culture of the disposition. Strange, that in any civilized community—most strange that in an eminently religious community, so little value should be set on those qualities which are decisive of the happiness of the individual, and of society, and which, in their manifestations, distinguish the obedient servant of his Creator from the reprobate and the rejected. Parents and teachers, it is true, take some pains to repress those particular vices in their pupils, which are, in practice, troublesome to others, or which, by their enormity, would bring disgrace on all connected with the delinquent: but not even in our foundation schools and universities is the moral dignity of man an object of sufficient regard, or is much effort made to distinguish between essential virtue and conventional decency,—between the "keeping of the word of promise to the ear," and the fulfilling it to "the hope."

Yet the notion does not seem so very remote and difficult of conception, which should suggest to a parent, as the first requisite in a teacher, that general soundness of mind, that enlightened view of the boundaries of good and evil, and that regulated disposition to observe them, which affection must wish to see imitated in the objects of his care; which experience shows it to be the best policy to obtain, and which religion itself enjoins at every turn. The abstract proposition, indeed, is sometimes heard, and announced with great pomp; but the details of its application, the knowledge in what it consists, and of the means by which it is to be secured, are seldom even thought upon—except by the few. The fathers of families, if they possess some glimmerings of the truth, have rarely leisure to watch over the education of their sons; and the daughters are committed to the care of females utterly disqualified by their own intellectual deficiencies, if not by their presumption, for the task. The great majority, however, of both sexes, are so far on a par on this point, that both alike place the whole of instruction in the induction of acquirements and of dogmas, more or less worthless and insignificant, without manifesting the least apprehension of an education of the moral faculties dormant in the child, which await development

For the higher class of male instructors (it is true), the *prestige* of an university education, and a prevailing reverence for the clerical character, do something towards raising them above the condition of menials,—forcing, from the most ignorant and vulgar-minded, some show of decent respect: but even in their case, the avarice which seeks to remunerate their noble services by the lowest possible salary, gives a true measure of the position they hold in the estimation of their employers. Much worse does it fare with the teachers of minor academies, and tutors brought into houses of an inferior caste; but of all the degraded, dispiriting positions in which intellectual and virtuous poverty can be thrust, that of the female governess is commonly the most revolting, and the most disgraceful to the society by whose opinions it is determined.

High as is the natural position of the legislator, as the guardian of public liberty and happiness, that of the instructor is still higher; for laws, to be efficacious, must already exist in the manners of the nation; and these, if not the creation of the instructor, are much under his influence, and dependent no less on his example than on his tuition. If creeds and catechisms are not religion, still less are moral maxims, learned by heart, morality. The respect due to youth is not mere formalism,—it requires the elimination from their intercourse, of whatever is mean, paltry, and, in the true sense of the word, dishonourable. What then are the honours due to those who profess, and, at the same time, possess, the qualities requisite for such an office! He who fulfils thoroughly this task, is more than a parent. It is the teacher who makes the man, the citizen, the living soul. The presence of such a person is an honour to the society of the highest,—he is a benefaction to the family with which he associates himself.

But how is all this regarded by the public generally? What is the real position of the domestic instructor? Making allowance for occasional exceptions, is it not such as is calculated to extinguish all those sentiments of self-respect, which are the bases and the essentials of the tutor's fitness for his office?

Applying these remarks to the case of the domestic governess, they acquire a still more painful interest. The first guarantee for her incapacity—the first injustice to which she is exposed—is the utter disproportion of her remuneration. Setting aside her agency upon the morals of her pupils, the acquirements usually demanded from her can only be obtained by a considerable pecuniary outlay. We speak not of the probability of “one poor head” mastering, so as to teach, drawing, singing, instrumental music of one or more kinds, two if not three foreign languages, ornamental needlework, “geography, and the use of the globes,” &c. &c.—that is another question. But, we ask, how such knowledge is to be obtained for a sum, of which some twenty or five-and-twenty pounds a year is even the bare interest? Is it likely—is it possible that such acquisitions can be in the market at such prices? Persons professing them are to be found daily; but to promise and to perform are not often precisely the same. Supposing, however, the necessities of the individual prevail, is it generous, is it just, is it honest, either to the instructress or the pupils, to repay such services at a standard below that of the lady's-maids and the footmen of the family?

In this country, the importance of services (excepting only in the case of military and clerical offices, where present pay is compensated by other considerations,) are tested by their remuneration; but the low social position of the governess is still further determined by the coldness and the neglect of her employers. True, it may be, that the presence of a stranger and a

hireling, at the domestic fireside, must often be an unpleasant restraint; if this be so, it is still but a small tax to pay for those who cannot or will not educate their children themselves. Parents have no right to bring a cultivated and a sensitive female under their roof to mortify and degrade her: if they want her services, they must not rob her of any part of her just reward; and of this, comfort and respect are as much a part, as the stipulated board and lodging. If the governess be indeed fitted for her task, she will have sense and discretion to avoid becoming an unnecessary restraint on the heads of the family; and her acquirements will add to the pleasures of the domestic circle, rather than detract from them. In the meantime, let us pity her condition in the banishment of the nursery and school-room, debarr'd from all intellectual association, and condemned, from morning to night, to reduce her own powers to the level of those of her pupils:—the solitary system is a punishment less severe. It is a dreadful evil to be excluded from all intellectual converse; to be deprived of those minor courtesies of life, which are so necessary to poor mortality, in order to keep up its cheerfulness, and maintain it in good humour with itself. To the governess, they are the only compensation for the inevitable shock her better affections must experience, in exchanging the society of friends and relations for the house of a stranger and a master. But it is not enough to admit such a one as really discharges her duties, to the family board. To do justice to her merits, to confer on her the desirable efficiency, she should be treated with all the delicacy and respect which custom exacts between well-bred equals. The governess is not the subordinate, she is the associate of the mother; and this the children must be made to feel; or their future characters as rational beings will suffer for the neglect.

But, it may be asked, is the governess fitted for an associate? Why, true, you have not sought many guarantees for this fitness. You advertise for a companion for your children, and you make your choice without pausing to ask whether she is worthy to become your own: or, rather, by the low salary you offer, you predetermine that she shall want all the qualifications necessary, not merely for refined associations, but for the due exercise of her most important functions. To save a few pounds, in your avarice, or your inapprehension, you thus deliberately forego your greatest advantage; you deny yourself that domestic intimacy with your children's intimate, which can alone make you certain that she is truthful, charitable, forbearing—that there is nothing low, mean, or narrow-minded in her character or conceptions.

We ask not these questions as disparaging the class of governesses. Inferior as the greater number are to what an enlightened parent must desire, they are on the average better perhaps than average parents deserve; and in their ranks are to be found numbers qualified to fulfil more than is expected from them, (we speak not now of those accomplishments which accomplish nothing,) and who by nature and education are raised above an insensibility to the unjust harshness and hardships to which they are exposed. Neither is it enough that an impolitic coldness and neglect shall be adopted in the bosom of the family; it must be paraded in the face of day, and blazoned before the company in the drawing room. The dog or the parrot receive a larger portion of notice than the unfortunate governess, brought in with the children for the purposes of display.

These are points which a novel might effectually and pleasantly illustrate, and few better services could be rendered to society than such an exposure, as would shame the public into better feelings on the subject. We are, however,

compelled to state that, if such was the author's intention, she has in this instance missed her mark. The governess is, with her, a mere canvas for the requisite number of groups expected in an ordinary novel. It is a common mistake with the writers of novels, with an *envoy*, to make good their moral by instances altogether exceptional; but Lady Blessington's governess is not only placed in circumstances unknown to the life of ordinary governesses; the events also do not arise out of the heroine's position as *governess*. In the first place, the *gravamen* of Clara Mordaunt's case is that she was not born to the station; that she has fallen from wealth and splendour to her dependent condition. But the bitterness of insults and injuries lies in the susceptibility of the sufferer; and this is more frequently the consequence of a cultivated mind, than an appanage of station or wealth. The treatment to which the poor girl is exposed in the transactions of the novel, would be unworthy and base, where she the lowest in birth and pretension, that ever filled the “place” of governess. There is also this further misapprehension, that the main incident upon which every thing else turns arises out of Clara's beauty; and might occur to any other female dependent as well as to a governess. The moral of the picture is still further injured by the conclusion. A lady reduced by accident to become a menial, is by accident restored to wealth; and then, according to the most approved practice in modern novel writing, the lady must end by becoming a countess. This is worse than the old moral, which makes virtue a mere instrument of success, and sees in it no better end than the mayoralty of London and riding in a gilt coach. There is extravagance too, both in the characters and the situations of this novel, foreign to the realities of life, and partaking much of the caricature of the modern drama. The gentlemen, the ladies, the servants, the ruffians of ‘The Governess’ are the conventional creations of the stage, and of the fashionable novel. There is a want throughout, of middle tints—an absence of light and shade. These are defects, too common in modern novels to have called for particular notice, had they not also been fatal to the utility of the work as an advocacy of a pitiable cause. The story of these unfortunate outcasts has yet to be written.

Report on the Manufacture of Tea, and on the Extent and Produce of the Tea Plantations in Assam. By C. A. Bruce, Superintendent of Tea Culture.

Tea; its Effects, Medical and Moral. By G. G. Sigmond, M.D. Longman & Co.

It is not our intention to discuss either the medical or the moral consequences of tea-drinking. Now that the importation of tea amounts annually to some millions of pounds, such questions, however important in the days of our great-grandmothers, may be fairly considered to have lost all interest. We are, beyond question, a nation of tea-drinkers, and likely so to continue. Nor shall we attempt to treat of the subject historically. We are unable to disprove the assertion of the Chinese, that the plant itself sprang from the eyelids of that most religious prince, Darma, the third son of Kosjusoo; though we might rationally perhaps suggest that the tradition only intimates, by a figure, that the said Darma was a peering botanist; and are quite willing to believe that the portrait prefixed to Kœmpfer *Amenitates Exotica*—which, however, we never saw—is a very good likeness of the worthy old gentleman. It is enough for us—and perhaps for the reader—to know that tea was introduced into Europe by the Dutch East India Company, towards the close of the sixteenth,

or beginning of the seventeenth century; that it was known in England as a choice luxury some fifty or sixty years later, but that it was not till the beginning of the last century that it came into general use.

Many attempts have been made to cultivate the tea-plant as an article of trade in the British colonies, but hitherto without success. It has, however, been lately found indigenous in Upper Assam, and the prospects of successful culture are promising: but of these hereafter. Of the tea grown in China, Dr. Sigmond observes:—

"The places that produce fine teas are, like the spots which grow fine wines, extremely limited: those producing coarse teas are widely spread. The proprietor of the tea farm must not only understand agriculture, but he must likewise be acquainted with the laws that govern vegetable life: he must know the precise moment at which the leaves are imbued with their richest juice; he must judge when they are to be gathered for the delicacy of their flavour, and when for that coarser taste which suits the various palates of his customers. In picking he must be very careful, lest he injure the crop in the early spring, and thus prevent the development of the second and third gatherings, which, though not of equal value, are of much importance to him. He must likewise be aware of the adjustment of the heat necessary for the drying and curing the leaves; upon which, probably, quite as much depends as upon the state of maturity to which the leaves have arrived. These minutiae, which to the superficial observer appear but of little moment, are of the greatest consequence."

A like caution is indeed required in collecting and preparing leaves and flowers for medicinal purposes.

"At the proper period for the commencement of plantation, the ground is dressed with great care, most probably according to the custom of each particular cultivator, as we find to be the case with other plants useful to man. Any number of seeds suitable to the soil, not usually less than six or more than sixteen, contained in their capsules, are put into a hole four or five inches in the ground, at certain distances from each other: they are then allowed to vegetate, by some, without any other care; by others, the greatest attention is paid to the removal of weeds, the manuring of the land, and occasionally watering. When the shrub has grown about three years, the leaves are ready for picking. This is done with the greatest care: they are not plucked by handful, but each leaf separately. They are thus, although the process be somewhat tedious, enabled to collect, in the course of the day, fifteen pounds. * * In the common tea-plant, the commencement of the leaf-gathering takes place in the early spring; and three different crops are obtained during the summer. Scarcely, in the first instance, has the leaf attained its growth, and whilst it is yet budding into life, than the picking commences; and the tea will be finer in proportion to the tender age of the leaf; the most agreeable aroma and the most delicious flavour are then obtained from it. A soft white down covers the first leaflets, which is called, in the Chinese language, *Pa-ho*, and hence our name *Pekoe*, the most exquisitely flavoured of those teas with which we are acquainted. Trees, until they reach the sixth year, furnish this tea. A few days' longer growth supplies us with the black leaf *Pekoe*. In the month of May, the leaves that have grown since the first gathering, having arrived at maturity, are stripped from the trees: these form the *Souchong*—the *Seau-choung*.—'the small or scarce sort.' About six weeks after this, there is a third gathering of the new crop thrown out; and from the Chinese word, *Kong-fou*, signifying labour or assiduity, springs our term *Congou*. From this a particular part is selected, called *Kien-poey*,—a selection which is known to us under the name of *Camboy*. The tea familiar to us under the appellation of *Bohea*, should be the produce of the district from which it derives its name: it is a rough preparation of the later-grown leaves, which yield a beverage of little strength and of inferior flavour. Green teas undergo the same kind of harvest. From the tender leaflets is produced *Hyson*; and a very expensive kind, *Loontsing*, is more particularly prized: it was called *Yutsein*, 'before the rains'; whilst *Hyson* is a corruption from 'flowery spring.'

The Gunpowder is a *Hyson* gathered with great attention, and rolled with much nicety and care: indeed it would appear to be a selection of the more delicate leaves. The coarser and yellower leaves remaining after this selection are called *Hyson Skin*. The *Twankay* is the last gathered crop, and consists of an older leaf, in which less attention is paid to the manipulations. * * When the leaves have been picked, they are left in large bamboo baskets, exposed to the rays of the sun, being only occasionally stirred. After two or three hours, the peasants take the baskets into the house, and in the course of half an hour a series of manipulations commence, during which the manufacturer, at intervals of an hour, rolls the leaves three or four times between his fingers until they have become as soft as leather. When this operation is concluded, they are ready for the application of heat, for the purpose of drying and rendering them crisp. The temperature is adjusted according to the delicacy of the particular tea, and all the apparatus is regulated with the utmost nicety. The ordinary process is to place about two pounds of tea in a hot east-iron pan, fixed in a small circular mud fireplace, heated by a fire of straw or of bamboo. The leaves are briskly agitated with the naked hand, to prevent their being burnt, and that each may have its due exposure to the proper action of the heat. When they have become sufficiently hot, they are placed in a closely worked bamboo basket, and thrown from it upon a table, where they are distributed into two or three parcels. Another set of manipulators roll them into balls with great gentleness and caution, and by a peculiar mode of handling them express any juice they may contain. The leaves after this are again taken back to the hot pans, again turned with the naked hand, and when heated, again removed. They are then spread on a sieve, rolled again, and then exposed to the action of heat, the whole being placed over a charcoal fire: during this stage great care is necessary, lest any smoke should affect the tea. In all the varied changes from basket to basket, and they sometimes undergo many, attention is paid: less any receiver should ever be placed upon the ground. The number of exposures to the action of the fire is sometimes very great, and an examination takes place from time to time, to ascertain the state to which the leaves have arrived. When they become crisp, and are easily broken, they are removed from the fire, allowed to cool, and the process again commenced, until the experienced manufacturer is fully satisfied with the condition and the proper appearance of the tea."

Almost all the names of teas familiarly known in this country, are, it appears, arbitrarily applied. The Hong merchants mix together the leaves from many farms in such proportions as they judge most likely to suit the taste of their customers.

"The great discrimination they exercise is between the leaves of young and old shrubs: they employ a number of women and children to distribute these into fine, middling, and common teas; they then mix them, or they cause them to undergo a process of re-firing, and make the crop, which has been gathered from an inferior farm, bear the resemblance of a better tea, or they mingle the two together. These agents possess a great deal of judgment: and it is generally believed that, notwithstanding they have the cunning and love of profit which belongs to the Chinaman generally, they execute their task with much fidelity. It is also understood that the best teas of particular districts find their way into England. It is not, however, to be disguised, that they have undergone a greater degree of preparation than suits them for a Chinaman's taste; and the residents at Canton consider that which they have for their own domestic supply to be much more agreeable and delicately flavoured than that which reaches our markets. This, however, may be accounted for from the well-known fact, that all vegetable products must lose a considerable portion of their natural aroma by long keeping, and particularly by transportation across the ocean. A certain degree of heat is absolutely necessary for the tea even in China; for if it be eaten when newly gathered, or previous to its having undergone any operation, it proves narcotic, and is ranked among the deleterious vegetables. It is therefore kept for some time and dried by heat for the use of the

Chinese; but for the European markets it undergoes a much longer process, which, if it do not exert much influence upon the characteristic qualities of the infusion made from it, must decidedly dissipate much of that aroma which gives to plants one of their powers. The teas that have been collected by the agency of the persons employed by the Hong merchant, are made into parcels, containing from one hundred to six hundred chests; and each of these bears its own peculiar mark or characteristic name, so that the purchaser is enabled to ascertain and to distinguish each particular variety brought into the market."

A question often discussed, and not even now satisfactorily decided, is, whether there be two species of plants, from one of which the black, and from the other the green teas are obtained. Dr. Sigmond inclines to the opinion that there is but one, and that the difference depends on the method of preparing them. A Chinese writer states this distinctly:—

"The tree which produces the green teas is the same as that which produces the black teas: there is no difference between the trunks of the two trees; but there is a slight difference in the leaves. The black tea leaf is long and pointed; the green tea leaf is short and round: and this difference is occasioned by the diversity of the two soils; the cause of the difference between the colours of the black and green teas proceeds from the different methods used in frying and firing the leaves. Frying is the first process; and it is conducted in iron pans, which are placed over bright charcoal fires, and the leaves are stirred about quickly by the hand. Firing is the second process; then the leaves are put into bamboo baskets, which are placed over slower charcoal fires, and the leaves are not stirred. The green teas are only fired over slow fires; the leaves are not afterwards fired in bamboo baskets. The black teas are roasted in highly heated iron pans, in quantities of only one to two taels (ounces) at a time, and until each particular leaf is thoroughly dry and crisp: the leaves are afterwards fired over slower fires; hence the blackness of the leaf. Thus, although green teas can easily be made into black teas, black teas cannot be converted into green: because another colour can be given to green but not to black teas."

That black teas can be manufactured into green, we have satisfactory, or rather unsatisfactory evidence:—

"The remission of the tea duties in the United States, occasioned, in the years 1832 and 1833, a demand for green teas at Canton, which could not be supplied by the arrivals from the provinces. The Americans, however, were obliged to sail with cargoes of green teas within the favourable season; they were determined to have these teas, and the Chinese were determined they should be supplied. Certain rumours being afloat concerning the manufacture of green tea from old black leaves, Mr. Davis became curious to ascertain the fact, and with some difficulty persuaded a Hong merchant to conduct him, accompanied by one of the inspectors, to the place where the operation was carried on. Upon reaching the opposite side of the river, and entering one of these laboratories of factitious *Hyson*, the parties were witnesses to a strange scene. In the first place, large quantities of black tea, which had been damaged in consequence of the floods of the previous autumn, were drying in baskets with sieve bottoms, placed over pans of charcoal. The dried leaves were then transferred in portions of a few pounds each to a great number of east-iron pans, imbedded in chunam or mortar, over furnaces. At each pan stood a workman, stirring the tea rapidly round with his hand, having previously added a small quantity of turmeric, in powder, which of course gave the leaves a yellowish or orange tint; but they were still to be made green. For this purpose some lumps of a fine blue were produced, together with a white substance, in powder, which, from the name given to them by the workmen, as well as their appearance, were known at once to be Prussian blue and gypsum. These were triturated finely together with a small pestle, in such proportion as reduced the dark colours of the blue to a light shade; and a quantity, equal to a small teaspoonful, of the powder being added to the yellowish leaves, these were stirred, as before, over the fire, until the tea had taken the fine bloom colour of

Hyson, with much the same scent. To prevent all possibility of error regarding the substances employed, samples of them, together with the specimens of the leaves in each stage of the process, were carried away from the place. The tea was then handed in small quantities, on broad shallow baskets, to a number of women and children, who carefully picked out the stalks and coarse or uncurled leaves; and when this had been done, it was passed in succession through sieves of different degrees of fineness. The first sifting was sold as Hyson Skin, and the last bore the name of Young Hyson."

We must now say a word or two of the Assam tea before alluded to, and, for the first time, introduced into the market last year. In 1831 the Bengal government appointed a Committee, to consider the best means of introducing and cultivating the tea plant. While the subject was under consideration, the tea plant itself was discovered to be indigenous in Upper Assam. A deputation was immediately sent to examine into the truth of the report, and having confirmed it, Mr. Bruce was appointed superintendent, and proceeded immediately to examine the country and to raise plantations, and this, with such success, that last year eight chests, each containing 320 lb. were transmitted to England. Within these few weeks the Report, made by Mr. Bruce, and presented to the Tea Committee in August last, has been received in this country. The troubles on the frontier have in some degree interrupted his proceedings, but he has already discovered 120 places where the tea plant grows wild, and states that a sufficiency of seeds and seedlings might thence be collected to plant the whole of Assam:—

"Last year, in going over one of the hills behind Jaipore, about three hundred feet high, I came upon a tea tract, which must have been two or three miles in length; in fact I did not see the end of it; the trees were in most parts as thick as they could grow, and the tea seeds (smaller than what I had seen before), fine and fresh, literally covered the ground. This was in the middle of November, and the trees had abundance of fruit and flower on them. One of the largest trees I found to be two cubits in circumference, and full forty cubits in height. At the foot of the hill I found another tract, and, had time permitted me to explore those parts, there is no doubt but that I should have found many of the Naga hills covered with tea."

What quantity of tea might be produced from Assam even at the present moment it is impossible to conjecture. Mr. Bruce for a long time had only two Chinese black-tea makers—though lately two green-tea makers have been added—each maker requiring six assistants. On a subject where so much is mere hearsay and conjecture, the personal observations of Mr. Bruce may interest the reader:—

"The sun (says that gentleman) has a material effect on the leaves; for as soon as the trees that shade the plants are removed, the leaf, from a fine deep green, begins to turn into a yellowish colour, which it retains for some months, and then again gradually changes to a healthy green, but now becomes thicker, and the plant throws out far more numerous leaves than when in the shade. The more the leaves are plucked, the greater number of them are produced; if the leaves of the first crop were not gathered, you might look in vain for the leaves of the second crop. The tea made from the leaves in the shade is not near so good as that from leaves exposed to the sun; the leaves of plants in the sun are much earlier in the season than those in the shade; the leaves from the shady tract give out a more watery liquid when rolled, and those from the sunny a more glutinous substance. When the leaves of either are rolled on a sunny day, they emit less of this liquid than on a rainy day. This juice decreases as the season advances. The plants in the sun have flowers and fruit much earlier than those in the shade, and are far more numerous; they have flowers and seeds in July, and fruit in November. Numerous plants are to be seen that, by some accident, either cold or rain, have lost all their flowers, and com-

mence throwing out fresh flower buds more abundantly than ever. Thus it is not unfrequent to see some plants in flower so late as March (some of the China plants were in flower in April) bearing at once the old and the new seeds, flower-buds, and full-blown flowers—all at one and the same time. The rain also greatly affects the leaves; for some sorts of tea cannot be made on a rainy day; for instance, the Pouchong and Mingehew. The leaves for these ought to be collected about ten A. M., on a sunny morning, when the dew has evaporated. The Pouchong can only be manufactured from the leaves of the first crop; but the Mingehew, although it requires the same care in making as the other, can yet be made from any crop, provided it is made on a sunny morning. The Chinese dislike gathering leaves on a rainy day for any description of tea, and never will do so, unless necessity requires it. Some pretend to distinguish the teas made on a rainy and on a sunny day, much in the same manner as they can distinguish the shady from the sunny teas—by their inferiority. If the large leaves for the black tea were collected on a rainy day, about seven seers, or fourteen pounds, of green leaves would be required to make one seer, or two pounds, of tea; but if collected on a sunny day, about four seers, or eight pounds, of green leaves would make one seer, or two pounds, of tea; so the Chinamen say. I tried the experiment, and found it to be correct."

Mr. Bruce then gives some particulars of the method in which the black tea is manufactured:

"The leaves of this are the Souchong and Pouchong. After they have been gathered and dried in the sun in the usual way, they are beaten and put away four different times; they are then put into baskets, pressed down, and a cloth put over them. When the leaves become of a brownish colour by the heat, they throw out and have a peculiar smell, and are then ready for the pan, the bottom of which is made red hot. This pan is fixed in masonry breast high, and in a sloping position, forming an angle of forty degrees. Thus, the pan being placed on an inclined plane, the leaves, when tossed about in it, cannot escape behind or on the sides, as it is built high up, but fall out near the edge close to the manufacturer, and always into his hands, so as to be swept out easily. When the bottom of this pan has been made red hot by a wood fire, the operator puts a cloth to his mouth to prevent inhaling any of the vapour. A man on the left of him stands ready with a basket of prepared leaves; one or two men stand on his right with dollahs, or shallow baskets, to receive the leaves from the pan, and another keeps lifting the hot leaves thrown out of the pan into the dollah, that they may quickly cool. At a given signal from the Chinaman, the person with the basket of prepared leaves seizes a handful, and dashes it as quick as thought into the red-hot pan. The Chinaman tosses and turns the crackling leaves in the pan for half a minute, then draws them all out, by seizing a few leaves in each hand, using them by way of a brush, not one being left behind. They are all caught by the man with the dollah, or basket, who, with his disengaged hand, continues lifting the leaves, and letting them fall again, that they may quickly cool. Should a leaf be left behind in the pan by any accident, the cloth that is held ready in the mouth is applied to brush it out; but all this is done as quick as lightning. The man that holds the basket of leaves watches the process sharply; for no sooner is the last leaf out of the pan, than he dashes in another handful, so that to an observer at a little distance, it appears as if one man were dashing the leaves in, and the other as fast dashing them out again—so quickly and dexterously is this managed. As soon as one basket has received about four handfuls of the hot leaves from the pan, it is removed, and another basket placed to receive the leaves; and so on, until all is finished. A roaring wood-fire is kept up under the pan to keep the bottom red hot, as the succession of fresh leaves tends greatly to cool the pan, which ought always to be scrubbed and washed out after the process is over. In China, these pans are made of cast iron, and if great care is not taken, they will crack in the cooling; to prevent which, one man keeps tapping the inside of the edge of the pan briskly with a wet broom used in the cleansing of the vessel, while another pours cold water in gently; thus it cools in a few seconds, and is ready for another batch of tea. The leaves

are rolled and tatched the same as the other teas, and put into the drying basket for about ten minutes. When a little dry, people are employed to work and press the leaves in the hands in small quantities, of about one and a half to two rupees weight at a time, for about half a minute; they are then put into small square pieces of paper and rolled up; after this they are put into the drying basket, and permitted to dry slowly over a gentle fire for some hours, until the whole is thoroughly dry. This tea is not sold in the China market, it is used principally as offerings to the priests, or kept for high days and holidays. It is said to be a very fine tea, and there is not one man in a hundred who can make it properly. The Pouchong tea is made in the same way as the Sychee, with this exception, that it is not formed into balls."

The whole of Mr. Bruce's Report is interesting, and is, we see, in course of publication both in *The Asiatic Journal* and Alexander's *East India Magazine*.

On the Relation between the Holy Scriptures and some Parts of Geological Science. By John Pye Smith. London, Jackson & Walford. *The Philosophy of Geology, &c.* By Prof. B. Silliman. New Haven, Hamlen.

THE lectures of the Rev. Dr. Pye Smith were delivered at the request of the Committee of the Congregational Library of Protestant Dissenters, and are devoted to the examination of a subject which has excited much interest in the scientific and religious world, both in this country and in America. It is well known that certain geological doctrines cannot be reconciled with the Mosaic records of the creation, as generally understood. Three different schools of interpretation have in consequence been formed. The first proposes to take the Mosaic record, in what is apparently its obvious signification, to date the first existence of the world from four thousand years before the Christian era, to limit the process of creation to six natural days, and of course to reject all the geological evidence for the greater antiquity of the globe, and for its having been successively occupied by different races of animals. The second insists that the Sacred Record may be so translated as to agree with the geological system, and that an interval of countless ages may have occurred between the formation of the universe, described in the two first verses of Genesis, and the creation of light in the third verse; that is, they deem that the Mosaic record should be received rather as the history of a new organization than of a creation properly so called. The third school, to which Dr. Pye Smith belongs, regards the narratives of Scripture as "expressed in a style of condescension, and particularly in the manner suited to men of primeval times," and denies that it was "part of the design of God, in giving a revelation of his moral will, to communicate lessons of physical philosophy." This school recognizes no hostility between theology and science, but insists that true religion must be advanced by every new illustration of Divine wisdom and power discovered in the universe of matter or the universe of mind.

It is no part of our duty to enter on an examination of the various theories that have issued from these several schools; the partisans of each have a right to full freedom of discussion, and on a controversy respecting facts, the common sense of mankind will eventually arrive at a right decision. We desire merely to give the respective advocates a fair hearing, and we shall therefore direct attention to a few of the leading points in Dr. Pye Smith's defence of Geological Science.

The corruptions of the Pagan philosophy, and the many heresies which arose from the study of it, in the Alexandrian and other eastern churches, led many of the ancient fathers to an exclusive study of the Bible, and from it they deduced a system of cosmogony, which they insisted should

be received as an article of faith. This system long prevailed among the eastern Christians, and is said still to maintain its ground among the more ignorant portion of the Greek Church. Absurdity was not the only result of this mixture of guesses and fancies with the records of inspiration; every incongruity, between observed phenomena and the presumed cosmogony of Scripture, was used by the infidel as a weapon against revelation, and by the zealot as a means of exciting a popular hostility against science. Many of the Eastern Christians still reject the doctrine of the rotundity of the earth as anti-scriptural; and in our own land there are some who on similar grounds have condemned the Newtonian system. Hence Dr. Smith contends, that the evidence of geology must not be rejected because it is, *primâ facie*, opposed to the received interpretation of Scripture; he insists that it should be fairly examined, as it appeals to facts cognizable by the senses, and he limits the range of inspiration solely to religious subjects.

The necessity of employing the principle of accommodation and condescension in the interpretation of the sacred records, appears to follow from the nature of the case as stated by our author. The Bible is not one book, but several books, written by different persons at very distant periods of time; it is not, like the Koran or the Vedas, a record of one (pretended) dispensation, but of several successive dispensations, distinct, yet flowing into each other, and finding their full consummation in Christianity. The Antediluvian, the Patriarchal, the Mosaic, the Sacerdotal, and the Prophetic dispensations belonged to very different stages in the progress of society; the rules they prescribed, and the information they conveyed, were accommodated to the existing state of mankind at the time when they were made; it was not until the publication of the Gospel that life and immortality were clearly brought to light. Dr. Pye Smith shows that this principle of accommodation is recognized in Scripture language, even concerning the highest and most awful of subjects, God, and his perfections and operations:—

"Will any man deny, that the Scripture, in places innumerable, particularly in the earlier books, speaks of God as having the bodily form and members of a man, and the mental and imperfect affections of men? Or will any say that such descriptions and allusions are properly true: that they are according to the reality of things? Shall we, *can we*, believe that the Infinite, Eternal, and Unchangeable Being, comes and goes, walks and flies, smells, hears, and sees, and has heart and bowels, hands, arms, and feet? Or that he deliberates, inquires, suspects, fears, ascertains, grieves, repents, and is prevailed upon by importunity to repent again and resume a rejected purpose? Do not the same Scriptures furnish us amply with the proper exponents of those figurative and, strictly speaking, degrading terms? Do they not, for example, tell us, 'God is not a man that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent. Hath he said, and shall he not do? Or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?—I am Jehovah: I change not.'"

The principle of accommodation being conceded by divines in the expressions relating to the divine attributes on the one hand, and to the difference between the moral codes belonging to successive dispensations on the other, Dr. Smith proposes to show, that thus interpreted the discrepancy between the Holy Scriptures and the discoveries of scientific investigation would be found to exist only in semblance, and not in reality. He then applies his principles to show that the Scriptures, fairly interpreted, are not adverse to a belief in an immeasurably high antiquity of the earth;—in the reference of the six days' work of creation to a part only of the earth's

surface;—in the position of several centres of creation distinct from each other on the surface of the globe;—in the reign of Death over the inferior animals from the earliest existence of organized earthly beings;—and in a limited extent of the Deluge.

In his examination of the Mosaic records, Dr. Pye Smith is equally cautious and reverent; having shown that the book of Genesis is a compilation of writings from several different authors, and that these distinct compositions are marked by their differences of style and express formulæ of commencement, he establishes from the general tenor of scriptural compositions that the influence of inspiration acted in concurrence with the rational faculties of inspired men, so that prophets and apostles wrote from their own memory, the testimony of other persons, and written documents, to which indeed express appeal is often made. His assertion of the limited extent of the deluge, being the portion of his work most likely to excite prejudice, has been more thoughtfully elaborated than any other portion. His great objection to the general belief is, that it involves the ideas of miracles more stupendous than any that are recorded in Scripture:—

"Of the existing mammalia (animals which nourish their young by breasts,) considerably more than one thousand species are known; of birds, fully five thousand; of reptiles, very few kinds of which can live in water, two thousand; and the researches of travellers and naturalists are making frequent and most interesting additions to the number of these and all other classes. Of insects (using the word in its popular sense) the number of species is immense; to say one hundred thousand would be moderate: each has its appropriate habitation and food, and these are necessary to its life; and the larger number could not live in water. Also the innumerable millions upon millions of animalcula must be provided for; for they have all their appropriate and diversified places and circumstances of existence."

But land animals are confined by their nature to particular geographical regions, so that the miracle of their being collected would involve a long series of miracles for their preservation and provision. He adds another difficulty, which those who contend for a literal version seem not to have taken into account:—

"Many of the marine fishes and shell animals could not live in fresh water: and the fresh water ones would be destroyed by being kept even a short time in salt water. Some species can indeed live in brackish water; having been formed by their Creator to have their dwellings in estuaries and the portions of rivers approaching the sea: but even these would be affected, fatally, in all probability, by the increased volume of water and the scattering and floating away of their nutriment."

Finally he appeals to affirmative evidence:—

"There are trees of the most astonishing magnificence as to form and size, which grow, the one species in Africa, the other in the southern part of North America. There are also methods of ascertaining the age of trees of the class to which they belong, with satisfaction generally, but with full evidence after they have passed the early stages of their growth. Individuals of these species now existing are proved, by those methods, to have begun to grow at an epoch long before the date of the deluge; if we even adopt the largest chronology that learned men have proposed. Had those trees been covered with water for three-quarters of a year, they must have been destroyed: the most certain conditions of vegetable nature, for the class (the most perfect land-plants) to which they belong, put such a result out of doubt. Here then we are met by another independent proof that the deluge did not extend to those regions of the earth."

In the concluding lectures Dr. Smith vindicates himself, as a clergyman and a professor of theology, for having discussed a subject so likely to give offence to many well-meaning persons.

He says we cannot rest in common errors for the most weighty reasons,—

"First; our own convictions stand in the way. The facts cannot be set aside; they are too numerous, too various and independent, and too weighty in their character as grounds of reasoning. Secondly; if we could so put off our reasonable faculties, the great cause would not be relieved. It would be far more deeply injured. The body of scientific men, in every country, would only be confirmed in their hostility, and the more completely discharged from keeping terms with us: while we should be the men that laid Christianity under the feet of its adversaries."

He dwells very strongly on the evils that have arisen from ignorance and misconception in interpreting the figurative language of Scripture, and recommends great caution in the use of the inspired records. He appeals to high authority to show that the cultivation of physical truth is not inconsistent with the most profound theological research, and finally points out as the great end of all investigations, physical and moral, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace; among men, good will."

'*The Philosophy of Geology*,' by Prof. Silliman, was appended to the third American edition of Bakewell's *Geology*. It is an able paper generally, but the more important object is to show that the facts and theory of geology are consistent with scripture history. "When," says the Professor, "our theologians shall have studied the subject, they will be convinced that geology is not an enemy but an ally of revealed religion," but, "geology is now as little understood by many theologians and biblical critics, as astronomy was in the time of Galileo."

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Good Match, The Heiress of Drosberg, and The Cathedral Chorister, by Lady Chatterton. 3 vols.

The same amiable benevolence of feeling as was displayed in Lady Chatterton's records of her Irish tour, is also discernible in the three stories here published; we regret to add, the same feebleness of style—the greatest fault with which, in these days, a novelist can be charged. Lady Chatterton, however, is always gentlywomanly and well-intentioned, whether when setting herself to describe in the 'Good Match' the vicissitudes which await two sisters, who marry under much the same circumstances as the sisters in Mrs. Trollope's 'One Fault'—the one to rich misery—the other to poor contentedness—the wheel being charitably turned, at last, so as to equalize their shares of happiness; or, whether, in 'The Heiress of Drosberg,' she attempts a subject of greater difficulty, and, while weaving the plot of her romance, brings before us the court of Joanna of Naples and those picturesque and mysterious tragedies which make that Queen's reign occupy in Italian history, the prominence in our English records belonging to the story of Mary Stuart. Lady Chatterton's last tale, 'The Cathedral Chorister,' is also her slightest.

Hyacinth O'Gara, Honor Delany, Irish Priests and English Landlords.—The sad trash which is here put forward as a portrait of the social condition of the Irish peasantry, needs no refutation; in his ardour to calumniate, the author has forgotten that there are limits to possibility, and that when they are overstepped the intended effect of the libel is lost in its absurdity.

Walks and Wanderings in the World of Literature, by the Author of 'Random Recollections,' 2 vols.—A series of contributions to periodicals, to be worth reprinting in a collected form, must possess some permanent interest. Now the 'Walks and Wanderings' before us, are of the slightest possible fabric: even the few snatches of personal recollections are valueless, from their looseness and inexactitude. To cite an instance—there is a paper in which our author offers his recollections of a visit to Sir Walter Scott, and describes the author of *Waverley* in his study, with the proof sheets of a *Waverley* novel before him—ten years before the disclosure of the author's secret. The sheet is shuffled away among papers of less delicate interest by the Great Unknown—not, however, before the busy Random Recollector has

caught a glimpse of its title—"if I recollect rightly," he says, "it was *Anne of Geierstein*! This I remember perfectly well, that the work was not published for four weeks afterwards." Now, the fact is, that *Anne of Geierstein* was not published until two years after "the wand was broken and the rod buried," by the avowal made at the Edinburgh dinner.

The Rock; illustrated with various Legends and Original Songs and Music descriptive of Gibraltar, by Major Hort, with drawings taken on the spot, by Lieut. William Lacey.—If literary merit were to be measured by sumptuousness of typography, Major Hort's 'Rock' ought indeed to be a stronghold of information: but we regret to say, that a sillier book has not often come before us. It contains matter hardly sufficient for a tale in one of the Annuals, and description mixed up with imaginative personages and adventures of the most threadbare quality, till it is impossible to determine how little is truth, and how much fiction. The lithographs possess only an average share of interest and merit; the 'Original Songs and Music descriptive of Gibraltar,' are of the feeblest Bayly school, applicable to any given watering-place, without character, without colour—and set to music with a defiance of rhythm and emphasis, outdoing even the common outdoings of amateurs of quality.

Aristocracy in America, edited by F. J. Grund, 2 vols.—We expressed a very qualified opinion in favour of Mr. Grund's former work on America, and we stated distinctly that his sketches of manners wanted life. On this occasion, for we assume the work to be written by Mr. Grund, though he is professionally only the editor, he has given us two whole volumes of sketches of manners, and the result may be inferred without our entering into any elaborate proof. In brief, the vast majority are caricatures without point, truth, or even vraisemblance.

Antipopestian, by John Rogers.—An attempt, says the writer, to liberate and purify Christianity from Popery, Politickality, and Priestrule. The reader will readily infer from this description the nature and character of the work; and, that we may not get involved in controversy, we shall content ourselves with simply announcing the publication.

Dr. Lindley's Botany.—This excellent work has been abridged by the author for the use of schools and young persons, and we can strongly recommend the little volume to all who really desire to become acquainted with the Natural system of Botany.

Lectures on the Heathen Gods.—This work ought to have been called a Mythology for Ladies; it gives just so much of the classical fables of antiquity as suffices to explain the more common allusions in modern literature, and it avoids the purulent and licentious stories which disfigure most other works on the subject. It is not however sufficiently extensive or critical for classical students; indeed, a rational treatise on mythology is still a desideratum in our language; the best we have are overlaid with pedantic affectation and trifling disquisition.

Rowbotham's Derivative Spelling Book.—We doubt whether this work could be beneficially used for the purposes of education. In the course of time words become so perverted from their original meaning that tracing them to their origin would only confuse a youthful student.

Gulliver's Travels. Illustrated by Grandville, with Notes, by W. C. Taylor, LL.D. Nos. 1 to 3.—The mainly satirical and simple Saxon style of Swift, are welcome refreshment to the way-worn critic, exhausted with his daily labour of plodding through the crudities and affectations which form the current literature of our day: and we confess that we lingered over the few pages before us until we forgot the purpose for which we took them up. It is impossible to present to the public materials better calculated to strengthen their minds and set them thinking, and therefore we wish success to the publishers; and so far as that success may depend on the merits of this edition, they are fairly entitled to it—the artist has seized the humour of the original with great spirit, and the notes throw a satisfactory light on the design of the author, and render the satire more intelligible to the modern reader.

The American Miscellany.—A cheap reprint of Tales, &c. selected from the American magazines.

List of New Books.—Cooper's First Lines of Surgery, new edit. 8vo. 18s.—Nuttall's Classical and Archeological Dictionary, new edit. 8vo. 16s.—Wordsworth's Greece, imperial 8vo. cl. 1l. 11s. 6d., morocco extra, 1l. 18s.—Michael Armstrong the Factory Boy, by Mrs. Treloope, 3 vols. post 8vo. cl. 25s.—Pettigrew's Bibliotheca Sussexiana, Vol. II. imperial 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Marryat's Diary in America, 2nd series, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s. 6d.—A Good Match, by Lady Chatterton, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—The Court Favourite, or Facts and Fictions of the Nineteenth Century, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Boys's Picturesque Architecture in Paris, Ghent, &c. in portfolios, mounted, 8l. 5s. in morocco, or silk, 6l. 6s.—Lawrence's Historical Memoirs of the Queens of England, Vol. II. 8vo. cl. 12s.—Post-Office London Directory, complete, 8vo. cl. 9s. 6d.—Without Street Guide, 6s. 6d.—Lieutenant Frome on a Method of Conducting a Trigonometrical Survey, 8vo. cl. 12s.—Tooke's Diversions of Purley, 8vo. new edit. 14s. cl.—Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, 8vo. cl. 14s.—Unitarianism Defended, Lectures delivered at Liverpool, by Martineau and others, 15s. 8vo. cl.—The Poets of America, crown 8vo. cl. 12s. morocco, 18s.—The Decameron of the West, a Series of Tales, post 8vo. cl. 10s. 6d.—Aikman's Account of the Tournament at Eglintoun, with a Sketch of Chivalry, 4to. cl. 10s. 6d. plain, 15s. coloured.—The Book of Gems, 3rd series, "Modern Poets and Artists," 8vo. bds. 21s.—Hawker's Evening Portion, with the Author's final corrections, reduced, 12mo. cl. 4s., 32mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—Sutcliffe's Plain and Ornamental Penmanship, sewed, 4s.—Lunar Observations, 12mo. 10s. 6d.—Walker's Manly Exercises, fc. cl. 6s. 6d.—Christian Lady's Magazine, edited by Charlotte Elizabeth, Vol. XII. fc. cl. 7s.—Chapter on Flowers, by C. Elizabeth, 4th edit. 12mo. cl. 6s.—Christian's Book of Gems, fc. cl. 5s.—Mudie's Moral Man, fc. cl. 5s.—Mudie's Social Man, fc. cl. 5s.—Lingard's Edition of Christian Martyrs by the Jews, Pagans, and Papists, 12mo. cl. 2s. 6d.—De Porquet's Histoire de France, 12mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Patrick on Repentance and Fasting, 18mo. cl. 5s. 6d.—Jewell's Two Frontiers on Scripture and Sacraments, 12mo. cl. 5s.—Short Whist, by Major A., new edit. 18mo. swd. 3s.—Hints on Etiquette, 19th edit. 18mo. swd. 2s. 6d.—Smeaton's Builders' Pocket Manual, 2nd edit. 12mo. bds. 5s.—Beaton's Exercises in Latin Prose Composition, 12mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Jowett's Christian Visitor, Acts and Epistles, 12mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Outlines of Church History, 2nd edit. 10mo. cl. 4s. 6d.—Troppaenger's German Grammar, 2nd edit. enlarged, 2mo. 5s.—Narrative of Revivals in Religion, 12mo. cl. 1s. 6d.—Transplanted Flowers of Memoirs of Mrs. Rumpff, by Robert Baird, 18mo. cl. 1s.—Webster's Sacramental Week, 32mo. cl. 1s.—A French Delectus, 12mo. cloth, 3s. 6d.—Catalogue of London Periodicals, Law Reports, and Newspapers, on sheet, 1s.—Mant's History of the Church of Ireland, 8vo. cl. 17s.—Merle d'Aubigne's Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, &c. 2nd edit. 2 vols. 21s.—Muller's Scrap-Book, royal 8vo. cl. 5s. plain, 14s. coloured.—Bayfield's Treatise on Practical Cupping, 12mo. cl. 2nd edit. 5s.—Animal and Vegetable Productions of America, by Mary Roberts, 18mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Naval and Military Almanac, fc. 8vo. swd. 3s. 6d.—The Missionary Repository for Youth, Vol. I. royal 18mo. cl. gilt, 2s.—Centenary of Methodism, royal 18mo. cl. 3s. 6d.—Keene's Lectures on the Advantages of Literary and Scientific Institutions, 12mo. swd. 6d.—Smith's Synopsis of Phrenology, 8vo. swd. 1s.

VOYAGE OF THE ASTROLABE IN THE ASIATIC ARCHIPELAGO.

The following letter giving a detailed account of the proceedings of the expedition under Capt. Dumont d'Urville, has just been received by the Minister of Marine. Of the general objects and importance of the expedition, our readers are already well informed.

For four months past, since our departure from Amboyna, our operations have been attended by an almost uninterrupted good fortune; and we have been enabled to achieve a mass of labours, at least double in amount what we could reasonably have ventured to hope. The rapid summary which I am about to lay before you, will prove that this statement is not exaggerated.

On the 18th of February, we quitted the anchorage of Amboyna, where we had been so frankly received; and steered for the Banda Islands, with the double view of getting a glimpse at its famous nutmeg plantations, and paying our respects to the Governor of the Moluccas, then on a tour of inspection throughout this little archipelago. On the 21st, we anchored in the pretty channel which divides Bandar-Bassar from Banda-Néiré; and here civilities and attentions were heaped on us by the Governor and President. The former, Colonel Stuers, well able to appreciate the objects of our mission, enriched our collections with some valuable additions; and was kind enough, besides, in a delightful excursion, to show us the superb plantations which constitute the riches of these islands, and explained to us the different processes which the nutmeg undergoes, ere it is sent to the metropolitan market.

With hosts so obliging, the time passed rapidly away; but on the 25th I again sailed, and having reached the southern coast of Ceram, we made a

survey of it, as well as of that of the islands of Kessing, Ceram-Laut, Goram, Tenimbas, Malta-Bella, Manawolka, and Fossa, all so vaguely laid down on the best charts. Pursuing our course eastward, we then examined the high lands of New Guinea, from the south-western point, a distance of about 80 leagues, as far as the river Outanata. Thence, turning southward, we steered for Torres' Strait, to see if the close of the western monsoon would allow of our passing through it. In proportion, however, as we advanced eastward, the wind gradually lulled and shifted. We reached Cape Walloch notwithstanding, and examined it, at a distance of nine or ten miles,—though having but a few feet of water beneath our keel, the lead giving a depth of four fathoms only. As it was evident that the calms and variable breezes which we experienced, announced the speedy failure of the monsoon, I abandoned all idea of pushing further eastward, and determined without more delay to regain the ground which I had lost in the west. For nearly a fortnight we had to contend against a succession of squalls and hurricanes most fatiguing for the crews; but I had every reason to congratulate myself on the resolution which I had adopted. It is greatly to be doubted whether the two corvettes could have escaped destruction, had we been involved in the difficulties of the strait, under such circumstances.

At length, on the 27th of March, the ships came to a secure anchorage at the extremity of the vast bay of Raffles. At this spot, the English founded an establishment some years ago; which, however, they soon afterwards abandoned, and of which we saw the ruins. Although incessantly worried and tormented by mosquitoes, flies, and gnats, the week which I devoted to this station was turned to profitable account; and the mass of our observations and materials gained greatly by this interval of rest,—the rather that no French vessel had ever before touched at this portion of Australia. Two days after our arrival, we were surprised by the visit of an English boat, with some officers on board. They informed us that they had been made acquainted with the fact of our presence in Raffles Bay, by the Bughis employed in the Trepan fishery; and added that the English had, within the last six months, founded a new establishment at Port Essington, a few leagues to the westward of our anchorage, under the direction of Capt. Sir Gordon Bremer, of the navy. I promised that, wind permitting, we would pay a hasty visit to their Governor. Accordingly, on the 6th of April, we quitted Raffles Bay; and, some hours afterwards, cast anchor in the fine basin of Port Essington, distant about three miles from the infant city of Victoria. On the following day, I paid a visit to Captain Bremer,—an officer whose urbanity, gentleness of character, and noble simplicity of manners, create a singular prepossession in his favour. He seems animated by a zeal so ardent, and a resolution so determined for the success of his rising colony, and has been so successful in inspiring his subordinates with the same sentiments, that England may be content to abandon her project, if it should fail in his hands. In respect of climate, advantages of position, and, above all, the nature of the soil, Port Essington is far from presenting so much promise as the English have found at other points of Australia,—such as Port Jackson, Hobart Town, King George's Sound, and even Swan River. Yet I must frankly declare that an establishment, of any kind, on this coast, will be a great benefit to vessels destined for the passage of Torres' Strait. At the very least, they will be able to reckon, after this dangerous navigation, on a place of refuge and refreshment,—and, in case of misfortune, an asylum and certain aid. Judging by the labours which they have already executed, too, the sailors and soldiers of the *Alligator*, destined for the service of this colony, have, in the short period of six months, turned their time to excellent account. On the morning of the 7th of April, I received on board the *Astrolabe* the worthy Captain Bremer and some of his officers, and, then, having taken such leave of them as one might of old friends, at noon, I weighed anchor, steering to the north.

As I had already announced to you, in my report from Amboyna, my object from that time has been to turn to the most useful account the remainder of the voyage, by divers labours in the Moluccas and

* For some account of this fishery, see *ante*, p. 890.

amongst the Philippine Islands. At this period of the year, to have sought to enter once more into Oceania, by sailing round New Holland, would have been to waste the remaining time with scarcely the hope of any profitable result; two months, or thereabouts, must have been allowed for reaching Hobart Town,—and two more for the stoppage there and the navigation to New Zealand,—where I should have found myself in the midst of winter, and consequently unable to execute anything useful either to hydrography or natural history. Add two months more for visiting some of the Polynesian archipelagos,—and we should have six months wasted, to no end save that of ploughing an immense tract of ocean, without deriving therefrom any harvest.

By the novel route which I purposed to follow, at each step, mines fruitful for exploration, in every kind, presented themselves; which offered only the difficulty of choice, and the regret that we could not work them all. The event has even surpassed my expectations. Thanks to a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, I have been able, in three months, to enrich the expedition with a mass of facts, materials, and observations, already exceeding all that I could have anticipated for the entire remainder of the voyage, had I pursued the other course. And I have now, in addition, six or eight months before me, to add to all this mass of acquisition.

From the 12th to the 21st of April, we employed ourselves in the complete exploration of the entire western cluster of the Arroo group of islands, hitherto so little known, and whose outline, on the maps, is entirely incorrect.* We spent three days more at the anchorage of the harbour of Dobo, between the islands Wama and Wakam,—a time which was, in every way, productively employed. We were in daily and friendly intercourse with the natives of these islands, as well as with the numerous and industrious horde of the Bughis of Macassar, temporarily established at Dobo for their commerce.

On the southern point of Wakam, I discovered, and visited with interest, the ruins of the ancient Dutch fort, and of the buildings which surround it. By their nature and extent, these ruins attest that the establishment must have been one of considerable importance. Now, however, walls, ramparts, tombs, fountains, are all beginning to disappear beneath a thick veil of herbs, shrubs, and parasitic plants, which are rapidly invading the soil formerly occupied by man. Yet, forty years, at most, are all that have passed since this spot was wholly abandoned.

On the 22nd, we re-appeared on the southern coast of New Guinea, for the purpose of supplying certain blanks, which contrary winds and fogs had compelled me to leave in our labours of the previous month. On this occasion, too, I was enabled to carry the two corvettes to the extremity of the great Triton Bay,—to the very spot where the Dutch recently attempted an establishment, which they abandoned about three years ago. For here it is, in front of the Arroo islands, near the island of Wessels, and not on the river Dourga, as has been stated in print, that the fort Dubus was planted. A triangular space in the forest, a little less incumbered than the ground around, alone indicated, in the distance, to our curious eyes, the spot where the colony had been. Near at hand, a small jetty, a furnace in masonry, and some half-carbonized relics of a palisade, are the only material traces of the labours of man. A vegetation of incredible activity wraps the spots which had been recently cleared; and, already, at several points, trees have acquired an elevation of from twenty to twenty-five feet, in the short space of three years. With the exception of the marshy banks of the river, the ground which surrounds the Triton Bay is hilly, and covered with forests,—so thick, and frequently so interlaced, that it is neither easy nor agreeable to walk there. Nevertheless, the short space of time that we spent there, added greatly to our collections in natural history, and the charts there made will be of much value to the navigation.

On the 30th of April we quitted Triton Bay. The following day, we explored a spacious bay, almost contiguous on the west, and completely unknown till we visited it. Then, favoured by a prosperous breeze, we minutely examined the whole of that portion of New Guinea, which is comprised between

* The western side is well known, and a chart of that sea was last year published by the Admiralty.—Ed.

the south-west point and the entrance of Maclure's Inlet. This portion of the coast is much varied, and cut into vast indentures, which must include admirable anchorages. It will offer a grand subject of exploration for any mission whose special object may be the geography of this great country.

For myself, anxious to take advantage of a fair wind, to fulfil with honour the more extended plan committed to me, I hastened to steer for the beautiful island of Ceram, and, on the 6th of May, we anchored near its eastern point, in the bay of Waroo,—where we spent three days, which were turned to good account. Afterwards, we traced in detail all the northern coast of the long island of Ceram, as far as the strait of Booro. The northern coast of Booro was also explored, as well as the southern portion of Booton,—and, finally, all the south part of Celebes, from Salayer to Macassar. I should observe, by the way, that none of these countries had been accurately traced before our time.

At length, on the 22nd of May, we anchored in the pleasant road of Macassar, where we spent five days—to enable us to regulate our chronometers. The attentions of M. Bousquet, Governor of Celebes, and of his lady, contributed to render our sojourn here agreeable,—at the same time that this sojourn furnished further fruits to the expedition. No French ship of war had ever before appeared in the road of Macassar, and we shall be the first to give a detailed plan of it and its approaches.

No doubt you will observe with pleasure, as I have done, the unwearied kindness, the friendly solicitude, and generous proceedings displayed towards us by the Dutch authorities, wherever we have shown ourselves, and wherever we have rested; and I ought to acquaint you that, independently of their natural friendly dispositions, there is yet another motive inducing them to redoubled kindness and consideration towards the members of our mission. These courtesies I owe to the advantage which I possess of being able to bring under their notice the magnificent atlas of the last expedition of the *Astrolabe*. The exhibition of those great labours, published in so splendid a form, excites their unceasing admiration. All who see them are compelled to confess that the nation capable of producing such monuments, and freely conferring them on the public, without restriction of any kind, in favour of mystery, or of private interests, is in truth a great and liberal nation. It is an admission that even the enlightened English are compelled to make, spoiled as they are by their exclusive prejudices in favour of their own nation. They have nothing like this to show.† To this we are indebted for the emulous kindness on their part, the friendly anxiety to assist us with all the means of success which we could desire,—in a word, the honourable wish to co-operate, as far as their position furnishes the opportunity, in an enterprise consecrated to the general well-being of humanity, and to the progress of universal knowledge, far more than to any consideration of political gain or of national interest.

On the 29th of May, we quitted Macassar; and, on the 1st of June, anchored before Cape Salatan, the southern point of the immense island of Borneo. On the 2nd, the two long-boats were despatched to the coast, with the naturalists and several officers,—where they spent the whole of the day. Our provisions were now nearly exhausted, and, therefore, as early as the 3rd, I sailed for Batavia direct, where I anchored in the afternoon of the 5th.

It will surprise you that, after a continued navigation of more than five months, amongst the Moluccas, after having visited many countries reputed unhealthy,—such as New Guinea, Arroo, Ceram, and Macassar,—and more especially after the prodigious labours achieved as well at anchor as in sailing, our two ships should have arrived at Batavia in good health. Such, however, has been the case: not a man has been placed on the sick list; all are gay, contented, and happy in appearance. Notwithstanding the impor-

† What the "enlightened English" do, or have done, cannot affect the merit of the French government. As, however, Capt. Dumont d'Urville has been pleased to institute a comparison, we may be allowed to observe, that the English have, during the period referred to, surveyed the Eastern and Western shores of Africa, the Eastern and Western shores of America, and the whole of Australia; while "the magnificent atlas of the *Astrolabe*" does not contain 500 miles of newly-explored coast.—Ed.

tant operations which I yet contemplate I flatter myself with the hope that all will be permitted to revisit their country, safe and sound, at the expiration of about fifteen months from this time. I have succeeded in procuring here, through the house of Laguerre and Borell, and at moderate prices, all the provisions which we wanted—such as biscuit, flour, wine, arrack, vegetables, and other articles of less importance. Our expenses will still, therefore, be very moderate. I purpose sailing again on the 19th of June,—making the straits of Banka and Durian, and passing four or five days at Singapore,—where I will discharge your commission to the President of the Chamber of Commerce. Afterwards, I shall direct by course to Sambas, and thence to Sambouangan. From that point, my course must be dependent on the period at which I shall arrive there. Should the season still permit, I shall re-enter the Pacific Ocean, there to make new explorations: if not, I shall proceed to pass some days at Manila, and perhaps at Macao; and shall return with the north-eastern monsoon. In the latter case, our voyage may probably be abridged two or three months; in the former, it will extend over the entire period of three years, on which I had originally reckoned on quitting France.

REV. SAMUEL BUTLER, D.D., BISHOP OF LICHFIELD AND COVENTRY.

CLASSICAL and Theological literature have sustained a great loss by the death of Bishop Butler. He was educated at Rugby School, where his early proficiency excited much attention, and gave bright promise of his future career. From Rugby he proceeded to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he obtained the highest classical honours. In 1797 he published an edition of the minor poems relating to the Platonic philosophy—a work more of bibliographic curiosity, than classical value. In 1805 he gave to the world his celebrated Sermon on the Use and Abuse of Reason in Matters of Faith, one of the most successful attempts made to distinguish between a religion founded on reason, and a religion provable by reason: it also contained a very able analysis of enthusiasm, or religion founded merely on impulse and feeling, and displayed great analytic skill in determining the causes of erroneous opinion, which originate in the constitution of the mind itself. In 1809 he commenced the Cambridge Edition of *Æschylus*, which was completed in 1812. It was attacked by the *Edinburgh Review*, and by Professor Monk, of Cambridge, as was to be expected,—for *Æschylus* has, during the last two centuries, furnished more materials for classical controversy, than all the other Greek classics put together. The present Bishop of London took an active share in the controversy; displaying great originality and boldness in conjectural criticism, with rather less of respect for established authority than could be desired. Having been appointed master of Shrewsbury School, Dr. Butler devoted himself so earnestly to the duties of his station, that he had little leisure for literary pursuits. He compiled both an Ancient and a Modern Geography, for the use of his pupils; they contain much valuable matter, but are deficient in order and arrangement.

In 1836 Dr. Butler was appointed to the see of Lichfield and Coventry. His health had been previously declining, and his infirmities seem to have increased after his promotion. His former pupils deeply lamented his removal: seldom, indeed, has any teacher been more fondly and more justly beloved than Dr. Butler was by all those intrusted to his care during the many years that he held Shrewsbury School.

MR. ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LETTERS from Australia announce the death of Mr. Allan Cunningham, on the 27th of June last. "His health," says Capt. King, R.N., in a letter to the Secretary of the Geographical Society, "received a severe shock in New Zealand, and ever since he has been rapidly declining. Two hours before his death,—having been inaudible all day,—I told him that the Governor had received a favourable report from Sir Gordon Bremer, giving a favourable report of the new colony at Port Essington, when in a moment his eyes glistened, and in a rapid and audi-

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ble voice he said, 'Well! did they go inland?' I told him 'not far.' He then fell off again, and scarcely said anything more. He died calmly and without a sigh." [We are indebted to a correspondent for the following particulars.]

Mr. Cunningham was in the 48th year of his age, having passed twenty-five years in active scientific researches in Brazil, and in New Holland and the neighbouring islands. In 1814, Mr. Cunningham received the appointment of Botanical Collector to the Royal Gardens at Kew, left England in company with Mr. Bowie for Rio, having, through the influence of the late Sir Joseph Banks, obtained permission from the Portuguese government to travel into the interior. The travellers reached as far as St. Paul's, where they remained some time, and made many valuable collections, which were transmitted to the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew. After a residence of two years in Brazil, Mr. Cunningham parted from his companion (who went to the Cape of Good Hope) and embarked on board a vessel for Sydney, where he arrived in 1817. He shortly after joined Mr. Oxley, the surveyor-general, on his expedition down the Lachlan river, and on his return he accompanied Captain Philip Parker King in his four voyages of survey on the north and north-western coasts of New Holland. In these voyages he made some interesting collections. Mr. Cunningham afterwards visited New Zealand, Van Diemen's Land, and Norfolk Island, and also took several journeys through the Liverpool Plain district and the Moreton Bay country, the whole of which were equally fruitful to a botanist as well as in a geographical point of view, Mr. Cunningham being the original discoverer of the pass into the Liverpool Plains, and also connecting the Moreton Bay country with the colony of Sydney.

In 1830 Mr. Cunningham returned to England after an absence of 17 years, and on the unfortunate death of his brother Mr. R. Cunningham, who was killed by the natives while with Major Sir T. L. Mitchell's expedition to the Darling River, he accepted the appointment of Colonial Botanist, which his brother had held, and returned to Australia in 1837. The situation not affording him those opportunities of research that he had anticipated, he resigned it at the end of the year, and in May, 1838, embarked for New Zealand, where he remained till October, when he returned to Sydney in a very debilitated state of health, from his constant exposure to the rains of that climate during the winter season. From that time his constitution continued gradually to break up, till death relieved him of his sufferings. Few men have done more for botany and geography than Allan Cunningham, and his loss will be sincerely deplored by all who had the happiness to know him.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

CONSIDERABLE interest has been excited in the scientific world by Mr. Spencer's new process of copying medals and other works of art, in copper, by the agency of voltaic electricity (see ante, p. 811). It is with great pleasure we hear that this process is already beginning to be employed in certain of our manufactures, and that thus electricity will soon be numbered amongst the agents employed for practical and useful purposes. In our former account of Mr. Spencer's invention we spoke highly of the merit of the discovery and the probable uses to which it might be applied: the result has borne out our anticipations. In the manufacture of plated articles and ornaments, it is often desirable to copy ornamental work, such as leaves, flowers, and arabesque mouldings; this is both difficult and expensive, and from these causes often impossible. Mr. Spencer's invention, however, affords a cheap and easy method of performing what is required, and thus, ornaments on rich ancient plate are copied with the greatest perfection and ease, and without injury to the original. The great advantage consisting in the means of obtaining, at very small expense, a fac-simile in copper, of the ornaments required to be copied, which may then be silvered or gilt. In another art, the voltaic process is, we are informed, being successfully introduced. The makers of buttons often require to have two or three of a particular pattern to complete a set of which they have not the die. To take a cast from the button is, for many reasons, inconvenient and objectionable; and the voltaic process,

at the cost of a few hours and very little labour or expense, furnishes a perfect fac-simile of the button, which then only requires to be gilt. It has been said that there is a difficulty in obtaining perfect copies, and that the deposited copper is brittle, porous, and full of holes, but whoever will read attentively the process of Mr. Spencer and follow it, must succeed. The casts of medals, transmitted to us by Mr. Spencer, and also those made by Mr. E. Solly and Mr. J. Newman, and exhibited lately at the meeting of the Society of Arts, were very pure and compact copper, and the surface was as brilliant and perfect as could be desired. The process, indeed, is simple, and so far from its requiring, as is generally supposed, either expensive and complicated apparatus, or deep scientific knowledge, nothing can be more easy, as the observance of a few rules renders the success of the process quite certain, and, as regards the expense of the apparatus, the whole of it may be easily procured for a few pence.

At the meeting of the Astronomical Society, last evening, it was announced that a telescopic comet had been discovered on the morning of the 3rd inst., in the constellation *Virgo*. Its right ascension on that day was 12^h 38^m 40^s, and declination 2° 9' 57" south; with a daily motion of +2° 12' in right ascension, and +0° 19' in declination.

A line will suffice to notice the seventy-first anniversary meeting of the Royal Academicians, which took place on Tuesday last. The following are the new members added to the Council: Sir R. Smirke, Mr. J. P. Deering, Mr. E. Landseer, and Mr. R. Cook.

Some excavations recently made in the Isle of Walney, at the point where Lambert Simnel landed in the year 1487, have yielded relics interesting to those among the antiquaries who concern themselves with the form and manufacture of our ancient weapons of defence. They consist of old cannons and balls, presumed to have belonged to the armament then and there commanded by Martin Swart: one of the pieces of ammunition is double, that is, in the form of two guns joined together; two others were discovered to be loaded; one of the balls is of iron coated with lead, others are of granite, the whole very rude in construction. Many similar remains had already been disinterred on the same spot, and broken up at the forge to mend or make ploughs, &c., by the peasantry of the district.

So many announcements of works in preparation have been put forth during the last two months, that but a few additions remain, we suspect, to be made. We must advert, however, to Messrs. Longman's promise of a forthcoming *Life of Thomas Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury*, including selections from his correspondence, by Mr. J. S. Harford—of '*A Theory of Horticulture*,' by Professor Lindley—and among lighter matters, of '*A Book of Archery*,' by Mr. G. A. Hansard—a new collection of "pencilings" by Mr. Willis, to be entitled '*Loiterings of Travel*,'—a continuation of Captain Marryat's '*Diary in America*,'—and a monthly publication by the same author, with the promising title of '*Poor Jack*.'

The literary movements of our French neighbours, during the past ten days, are not without interest. Our readers will remember that, some weeks ago, we announced to them that the friends of M. Victor Hugo still expected that he should maintain his pretensions to the vacant chair of the Academy; and, accordingly, he has now positively announced himself as a candidate. To this step he is understood to have been finally induced by regrets for his retirement, openly expressed by an influential and distinguished portion of the Academy; and we presume, therefore, that his election may be looked for as a probable event. The election is fixed for the 19th. Amongst other publications of interest by our neighbours, the most important is M. Guizot's edition of the '*Life, Correspondence, and Writings of Washington*,' which we have already announced as forthcoming, and the first portion of which has just appeared. The first two volumes contain M. Guizot's Introduction 'on the Influence and Character of Washington in the United States,' (which we shall shortly examine and report on,) and the '*Life*' of the great American, by Jared Sparks, we presume, —and if so, noticed in the *Athenæum* twelve months since (No. 573). We may mention, at the same time, that M. Guizot's work on French and Euro-

pean Civilization, which we announced as preparing for publication, is now ready. A new volume, entitled '*Le Marquis de Letorière*,' by Eugene Sue, the Marryat of France, just published, and a new edition of the same author's complete works preparing for publication, may likewise be mentioned amongst the literary novelties:—as also the first volume of a work interesting to historical and archaeological students, entitled '*Monumens Anciens et Modernes*,' containing general and partial views, plans, sections, and details, and intended to form, when complete, a history of the architecture of different nations in all ages, with archaeological notices by Messieurs Jomard, Champollion, Langlois, and other eminent writers of that class;—and a new pamphlet, in his usual style of burning eloquence, just published by the Abbé de Lamennais, under the title of '*Modern Slavery*.'

Amongst the various replies which the Duke of Orleans has been called on to make to the numerous bodies by whom he has been addressed, during his stay at Marseilles, on his return from Africa, the readers of the *Athenæum* are likely, we think, to take an interest in that by which the Prince pledged himself to M. Defogères, rector of the Academy of Aix, to commit the education of his son (the heir of France) to the University. It is significant for better reasons than political ones. "I think with you," said the Prince, "that most of the great questions relating to instruction have already received their solution, in the mere fact that the principle of a wide diffusion of knowledge has been solemnly affirmed, and actively applied; that the government has acknowledged that to enlighten all classes of Frenchmen, is the sure way of securing at once the maintenance of their rights and the discharge of their duties. You rightly regard me as a child of the University. Within its seats I received a national education, and acquired that knowledge which was to fit me for my country's service at a later day. My engagement to confide to it my son, I gladly seize this opportunity of renewing; and I have pleasure in regarding myself as standing here amid my old tutors, and amid the future tutors of my boy."

While on the subject of education, we may mention that an interesting ceremony has recently taken place at Bordeaux, in the installation of a Faculty of Sciences and another of Letters in that town. Certain difficulties which had retarded the regular organization of the courses having been removed, the installation, which took place on the 16th of last month, was attended by the Archbishop and all the distinguished civil and military functionaries connected with the town. On the following day the courses commenced to numerous audiences. These institutions, obtained for Bordeaux by M. de Salvandy, when Minister of Public Instruction, have been perfected and brought into action by his successor. In connexion with the same subject, is the announcement in the French papers, that courses of instruction for the working classes are about to be commenced in the towns of Douai and Cambrai, and continued through the winter months; in which the principles of arithmetic and geometry, as applicable to the arts and to trade, will be familiarly explained.—If, indeed, the great questions of education be much longer in abeyance amongst us, it is probable that by and bye, we may draw our examples from the high places of Islamism, and borrow the models for our national schools from the Grand Turk! Amongst other reforms introduced by the young Sultan, amounting to no less than a bloodless revolution and the gift of a charter, is included the establishment of seminaries for public instruction; and 300 Turkish youths are shortly to leave for the different countries of Europe, with a view to the study of arts, manufactures, and commerce. How strange does all this sound, as coming from the Seraglio! In the East, where, it is said, nothing changes, and where they have assuredly been stationary long enough, they seem likely to get the start of us, at last. It is scarcely in the direction of the Bosphorus that we should look for lessons of liberality; but the old fable of the hare and the tortoise has received a new illustration. The Mohammedans have been crawling on in the dark for 500 years, but have come in sight of the goal all at once,—having leapt to a conclusion, while we were busy in debating.

The Academy of Fine Arts at Paris, proceeded, at its sittings on Saturday last, to the nomination of four Corresponding Members. A commission of

fourteen of its body, appointed for the purpose, had reported the names of sixteen candidates, (French, Italian, German, and English,) out of which it had selected eight; and out of these eight, the selection of the Academy, at its subsequent meeting on Monday, fell on the following four: M. d'Azeglio, Director of the Royal Gallery at Turin, M. Canina, architect to the Prince Borghese, at Rome, the Duke de Serradifalco, superintendent of excavations and antiquities in Sicily, and M. Tenerani, sculptor, at Rome. —We may also mention here, that four colossal statues, representing *Plenty, Industry, The Seine, and The City of Paris*, have just been modelled by M. Petitot, the sculptor, Member of the Institute, for the bridge of the Saints Peres, at Paris; and that the Minister of the Interior has authorized M. Ingres, the director of the French Academy of Fine Arts, at Rome, to commission the brothers Blazé to copy, under his superintendence, the celebrated frescoes of Raphael, known by the name of the *Camere or Stanze* of the Vatican. This labour will form the necessary complement to the grand series of copies which the French government has been for some time engaged in procuring from the Pontifical palace.

The *Journal des Débats* of the 10th announces a "change" of great interest in the musical world—the promotion of Herr Lindpaintner from Stuttgart to head the music of Vienna—and the removal of Dr. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, from Leipzig, to take Herr Lindpaintner's place at Stuttgart.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

This Establishment will **REOPEN** be CLOSED for the Winter Season, on SATURDAY, 28th December.—The Pictures now exhibiting represent the CORONATION of HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA, in Westminster Abbey, and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CROCE, at Florence, with all the effects of Light and Shade from Noon till Midnight. Both Paintings are by LE CHEVALIER BOUTON.—Open from Ten till Three.

SPLENDID EXHIBITION.

ROYAL GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE,
ADELAID STREET, WEST STRAND.

THE DAGUERRETYPE.—The only specimens in England now exhibiting. Steam Gun, Microscope, Mr. Goddard's Exhibition of Polarized Light by his Polaroscope, Whitworth's Patent Lathe, Mr. Howell's Patent Violin, Specimens of Native Art from the Coasts of eastern South America, Reissner's Accordion, &c. &c.

Open Daily at 10 o'clock, A.M.—Admission to the whole, 1s.

DAGUERRETYPE illustrated, by Mr. J. T. COOPER, jun. at the POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, 39, Regent-street. The Hours of EXHIBITION are changed, and are as follows:—Half-past Ten o'clock, open—Twelve, Magnetic Experiments—Half-past Twelve, Microscope—One, Pneumatic Telegraph—Two, Daguerreotype, and Photogenic Art, illustrated; or Lecture on Chemistry and Natural Philosophy—Quarter to Three, Electrical Experiments—Quarter past Three, Diving Bell and Diver—Four, Microscope—Half-past Four, close. There are also at the Institution a variety of novel, interesting, and instructive Models. Admission, 1s. each person.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	Westminster Medical Society	Eight, P.M.
	Royal Academy (<i>Anatom. Lect.</i>)	
MON.	Statistical Society	Eight.
	Society of British Architects	Eight.
TUES.	Linnean Society	Eight.
	Architectural Society	Eight.
WED.	Geological Society	p. Eight.
	Society of Arts	p. Seven.
THUR.	Royal Society	p. Eight
	Society of Antiquaries	Eight.
FRI.	Botanical Society	Eight.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

DRURY LANE.—The recent revival of 'Love in a Village' (a Lapland village it might have been, to judge from the temperature of Tuesday evening!) offers little ground for comment, unless we were to take the music of that pretty old *pasticcio*, as text for a few remarks on the operas it was in England; and were to expatiate on the fact, how—in spite of the monotony caused by the absence of music written to suit dramatic situation, and the want of those pieces of concerted dialogue, and choruses, now found so indispensable—"the songs our fathers loved" for melody and sweetness, have far more claim on the musician's favour, than the would-be Italian insipidities, or would-be German crudities of more ambitious modern native composers. We have a word, however, to say concerning the new *Rosetta*, Mrs. Alban Croft, whom, despite her lady-like appearance, and sweet speaking voice, we cannot but rate less highly than is the fashion among her friends. As we had occasion to remark when she presented herself on the

Italian stage, her style bears marks of teaching—but her voice is always very uneven, at times false, at times forced; and nothing can be more misjudged and out of place, than the *forzando* and *rallentando* in which she indulges—artifices, it may be, necessary to give point to the characterless airs of Bellini, &c. &c., but when thrust into the English ballad, of which the very soul is an undorned and pathetic simplicity, most displeasing. Nor must Miss Betts escape, for the gratuitous bad taste which tempted her to interpolate 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' and 'The Minstrel Boy,' into her part, *apropos* of nothing. Save for the conductor's pianoforte, which was heard incessantly, to the great annoyance of the ear, the opera, on the whole, went well.

Gas produced by a New Process.—We were unable to attend the experiment here referred to, and therefore copy the following report from *The Times*.—An experiment in gas-lighting by the Comte de Mal Varino was made on Thursday evening on a piece of waste ground at the back of Fetter-lane, in the presence of several scientific gentlemen, who were invited to witness the result. A small gasometer was erected for the purpose, which was connected by tubes with a furnace built of brick, and containing three retorts, one of which was supplied with water from a siphon, another was filled with tar, and both being decomposed in the third retort, formed the sole materials by which the gas was produced. The process appeared to be extremely simple, and the novelty of the experiment consisted in the fact, that the principal agent employed to produce the gas was common water combined with tar; but, according to the theory of the inventor of this new species of gas, any sort of bituminous or fatty matter would answer the purpose equally as well as pitch or tar. After the lapse of about half an hour employed in the experiment, during which time the process was explained to the company, the gas was turned into the burners, and a pure and powerful light was produced, perfectly free from smoke or any unpleasant smell. The purity and intensity of the flame were tested in a very satisfactory manner, and those who witnessed the experiment appeared perfectly satisfied with the result. The great advantage of this sort of gas over that produced from coal consists, it was said, in the cheapness of the materials employed in its production, the facility with which it is manufactured, and the perfection to which it is at once brought without the necessity of its undergoing the tedious and expensive process of condensation and purification; for in this instance, as soon as the preliminaries were completed, the light was produced in a perfect state within a few feet of the gasometer, which, although of inferior size, was said to be capable of affording light for 10 hours to at least 500 lamps or burners. With regard to the comparative expense, it was also stated that 1,000 cubic feet of gas manufactured by this process could be supplied to the public for about one-third the price now charged by the coal-gas companies; and it was said to be equally available for domestic use, and more safe than the common gas, inasmuch as small gasometers might at a trifling expense be fixed at the back of grates in private dwellings, from which the gas could be conveyed in India-rubber bags to any part of the house, thereby preventing the many accidents which occur by the use of tubes and pipes. The Count de Val Marino, who has conquered the difficulty hitherto experienced in bringing this species of gas into use, superintended the arrangements, and evinced a natural anxiety to bring his experiment to a successful issue. He has taken out a patent for his discovery, and he has improved upon the burners now in use, so as to render the light produced more pure and intense. For this improvement he is also secured by a patent. How far gas of this description can be brought into general use, or whether in point of economy the public would be benefited by its adoption, are questions which we have not the means of deciding, and without hazarding any opinion on the subject, we can only say that the experiment, as far as it was tried in this instance, appeared to be quite successful.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. J. B. Jun.—Zeta, received.—We decline to comply with Mr. Wilson's request for reasons, at least a dozen, publicly stated in this paper.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

On the 1st of January will be published, price 2s. 6d. Part I. of the **WORKS OF BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER**, with an Introduction, by ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq., L.L.D. To be completed in 12 Monthly Parts.

Edward Moxon, Dover-street.

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Will appear in a few days, **GOETHE'S FAUST. Second Part.** Translated into English Verse, with copious Notes and Remarks by J. BIRCH, Esq. Author of *Goethe's Faust, Part I.* &c. &c. Embellished with Engravings on Steel after M. Hetsch. The Work will appear in Parts, royal 8vo. price 2s. 6d.; India, 2s. Part I. will be published in a few days.

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